

**THE
BENTSEN FAMILY:
From Denmark To Texas**

By JOAN R. SLOAN JOHNSON

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Printed in the United States
by Hart Graphics, Inc.
8000 Shoal Creek Blvd.
Austin, Texas 78758

Foreword

In the summer of 1965, my family came to Mission, Texas, on leave from the Air Force. It was the first time we had been in the Valley to visit for three years, because we had been stationed in Hawaii, and hadn't been back to the Mainland. And, we were really enjoying being with the family again.

My cousin, Rose Marie Bentsen Benton, was home, and she and her parents invited everyone to the Fontana Hotel for a Bentsen Family dinner.

When we arrived, there were probably 50 people there, many of whom my children did not know. "Who are all these people?" they asked, and it dawned on me how much my children had missed, being so far away from the family.

"They're all your relatives", I said, and they were quite surprised that that could be true.

Later, when we returned to my mother's home, we sat around the table and wrote down the names of every relative in Mom's family, and then in Dad's family, that we knew, and determined to at least find out the names of all the other family members.

From that time, I have written letters, asking questions about family groups. That alone has been a delightful and rewarding experience.

Better even than that, I have taken every opportunity to ask questions and to listen to my mother, my aunts and my uncles talk about "the olden days", and to try to jot down what they said. I should have started sooner; I know I missed a lot.

These are the stories I was told, put together to the best of my ability, and as near the facts of the case as I could come. I discovered, again, that if you ask two people a question,

you often get two different answers; so if you have another version, put it down on paper, too . . . from your perspective.

Knud Bendtsen, of Hjørring, Denmark, has given us a great deal of information from the Church records in Denmark, as has Poul Hansen, of Brønderslev, Denmark. Maren Frandsen, of Skaerbak, Denmark, wrote of her memories of the early family. I am grateful to each of them.

Aunt Laurel Norton shared her diary that she kept on the trip to Texas in 1918 with me, and it is special. Uncle Alton, Uncle Lloyd and Uncle Dietz have told me their memories of South Dakota days. Uncle Elmer thought "digging around in the past" was a mistake, and he chose not to encourage this behavior!

I corresponded with Grandma Bentsen's cousin, Art Petersen, and my mother's cousins Emil Rishoi and Dan Petersen; delightful gentlemen all, who added to the store of information.

And, of course, my mother, Edna Bentsen Sloan, who shared her memories of her early life freely. It would be wonderful if she could have seen this book . . . but she knew it was started . . .

I see this book as a beginning . . . perhaps we can continue to add to our knowledge of our family and the rich heritage we share. My special thanks to Uncle Lloyd for making this book a reality.

I dedicate this book to my husband, for his enthusiasm and patience; to my children, who encouraged me, to all who helped along the way . . . and to the generations yet to come . . .

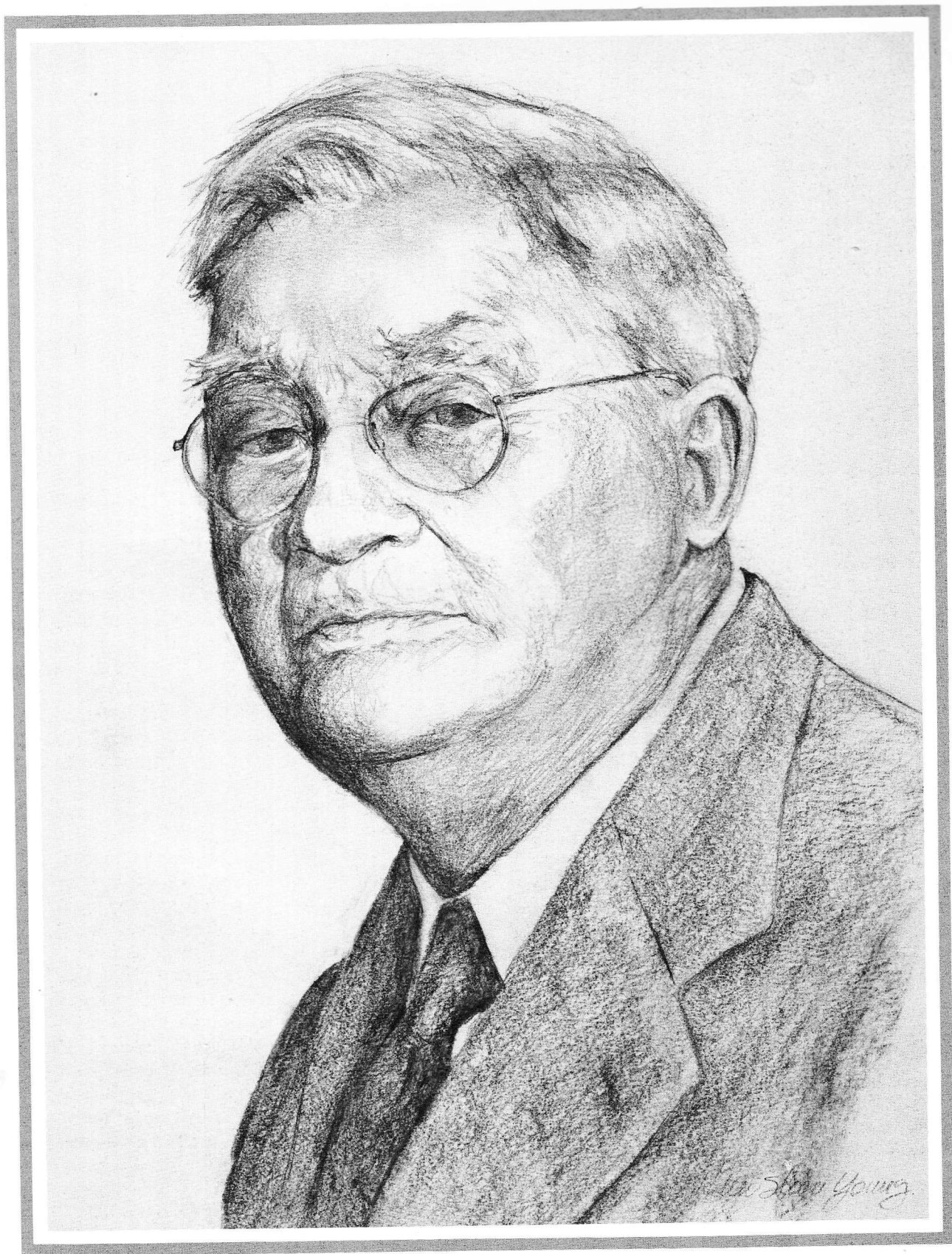
*Joan R. Sloan Johnson
May, 1984*



Tena Petersen Bentsen

About 1952.

A pencil portrait, by granddaughter, Helen Sloan Young.



Niels Peter Bentsen

About 1947.

A pencil portrait, by granddaughter, Helen Sloan Young.

THE BENTSEN FAMILY

Peter-Tena

The roots of the Bentsen family are in Denmark. Both Grandma and Grandpa Bentsen came from the far north part of the peninsula of Jutland, not far from the city of Hjørring.

This is flat, farming country. The wind from the North Sea blows across the land with such force that the trees are bent at an angle, resisting. It is beautiful, and takes strong people to live and farm there.

Grandmother, Nicoline Martena Petersen, came to America when she was a child, with her family. Grandfather, Niels Peter Bentsen, came by himself, at the age of 19.

Let me tell you a little about them. When I knew Grandma, she was a tall woman, with grey-white hair and a gentle disposition. Her posture was magnificent! Her back was always ramrod straight, and she carried herself with a regal bearing. She had dark brown eyes, and a quick, warm smile.

Grandpa was a large man. He stood almost 6 feet tall, and was heavy-set. His hair was a beautiful silvery snow-white, and he had a full head of hair all his life. He spoke with a Danish brogue, saying "tree" for three. His disposition was a great deal more stern than Grandma, commanding respect and attention when he entered a room. (For a little child, he was an awesome and somewhat frightening person.) He, too, carried himself tall and proud.

They were both well respected members of their community, and both took pride in their willingness to work hard, their honesty, their sincerity, and especially in their family.

But, let's start at the beginning . . . with Grandma's family in Denmark.

Nicoline Martena Petersen was born in Mojen, Denmark, on March 10, 1869. She was christened at the church at Vennebjerg on March 29, 1869, the Monday after Easter.

Grandma disliked her given name, and for many years would not even tell anyone what it was. She was known as "Tena" all her life. Nicoline was the name of her grandmother, and Martena came from the name of her grandfather, Morten Laursen.

Tena was the oldest of her siblings. The other children in the family were Laura, born in 1872, and Miller, born in 1875, in Denmark; and Emma, born in Arlington, Illinois, USA, in November 1878.

The earliest ancestor in Grandma's line that we have any personal knowledge of is her grandmother; my great, great grandmother, Nicoline Westerholt.

Nicoline Westerholt, called Lena, was born in Sejlstrup, Denmark, in 1802. Her family probably came from the upper class, because in the church records of the day, her mother and grandmother were referred to as "Madame". She was the sixth of nine children born to Carl Vincent and Madame Johanna Marie Nautrup Westerholt.

Nicoline married Morten Laursen on January 30, 1829, in St. John's Church in Hjørring, Denmark. They were parents of five children: Carl Christian, born in 1827; Marie Christine, born in 1829; Lars Christian, born in 1830;

Ane Catherine, born in 1841; and the youngest, Hanne Mortensdatter, Grandmother Bentsen's mother; my great-grandmother.

In 1979, I made contact with the descendants of the firstborn child, Carl Christian Westerholt, living in Copenhagen, through Knud Bendtsen, our Danish cousin in Grandfather's line who had visited here in Texas. Through the Westerholt family, we received our information on Nicoline Westerholt's family line. The Westerholt family in Denmark knew only that she had come to America with the daughter, Hanne, and her family in 1877, but they had then lost contact and did not know where they settled, or where and when she died.

Nicoline was the only missing link in their genealogy, and they were happy to learn what we could tell them about her life in the United States; as we were pleased to receive the information about her family in Denmark. The Westerholt family is an influential family in Denmark, according to Knud.

Grandma's father, Mads Anton Moller Petersen, was born on November 2, 1838, in Hundeleve, Denmark. He was the son of Peder Enevoldsen Moller and Karen Margrethe Jensdatter, the second of seven children. His siblings were Jens Peter, born in 1836; Frederick, born in 1843; Kirsten Marie, born in 1854; Soren Christian, born in 1846; Peder Moller, born in 1849; and Inger Marie, born in 1857.

Church records indicate that Anton was christened at home, "with warm water on his head, and God's blessing afterwards", and when he was about two months old, he was dressed warmly and brought to Jelstrup Church, to be shown to church members.

Anton was born on his parent's farm, in the house his father had built. At the time of Anton's birth, the farm had been in the family for three generations.

His grandfather and uncle were seafarers, sailing between Lokken, Denmark, and Norway. It is possible that Anton's father also did some sailing.

His father, Peder, had promised the grandfather that he would not sell any of the farm while he was still living, and he did not. But, after the death of the grandfather, it was necessary to sell off part of the land.

Poul Hansen, a great-nephew of Anton, a descendant of his brother Jens Peter Moller Petersen, wrote in 1979, that his parents were

still on the farm . . . the sixth generation of the same family.

He wrote of the hard life that was experienced by the people in the 1800s in Denmark. The laws of the land made it imperative for a farmer to work his land; he could not choose to move and take up another profession. But, at the same time, earning enough from a small farm to care for a family was almost impossible. With each generation, the farm became smaller as more land was sold to help support the family.

There were border wars with Germany over disputed boundary lines, and the government took men away from the farms to serve in the military.

And, the owners of the large estates were able to require, by law, the services of the local farmers on their estates, up to 100 days annually.

If a local farmer failed to provide the 100 days the law required, the owners of the estate had the right to punish him. The punishment was often to compel the "guilty party" to sit astride a wooden horse, with his arms bound behind him and with large, heavy stones tied to each leg, for as long as 12 hours at a time. After that, the poor fellow most often had to go home to bed for 2 or 3 days to recuperate.

It is pretty obvious that the life of a farmer in Denmark at that time was most difficult.

Anton grew to adulthood and met and fell in love with Hanne Mortensdatter. They were married on December 22, 1868, at the church of Skallerup, in Jelstrup Parish, Denmark.

As the years passed, they had a family, and the need to earn a decent living became more and more pressing. Anton knew that he would not inherit the family farm . . .

The custom was that the eldest son in a family would take over the home and farm, and the responsibility for caring for the parents. Jens Peter would stay on the homeplace.

Word came from America of the migration West, and that the Government of the United States was looking for people to settle the frontier lands, to live on and cultivate the new areas that were being opened.

The idea of receiving 160 acres of land, to be his very own, in return for living on it, clearing it and planting at least 20 acres, was a compelling dream to Anton Petersen.



Tena Petersen



The farm home of Mads Anton Petersen's family in Denmark, around 1877.



Nicoline Westerholt, holding Edna May Bentsen, her great-granddaughter, in White, South Dakota, about 1893.

His brother, Frederick, was excited with the prospect, too, and wanted to emigrate to America.

Hanne Petersen was agreeable. Hers was a more personal dream. Her husband was a handsome fellow, with dark, curly hair, and a rather happy-go-lucky approach to life. He enjoyed going out with the fellows for a few drinks and a good time, perhaps as a release from the bleak circumstances of his life. Hanne hoped that leaving his associates behind, coupled with the dreams he had for success, would encourage Anton to settle down to being a more responsible husband and father.

Hanne's mother, Nicoline Westerholt, also decided to accompany the family to America. She was a widow, 75 years old, when they set out, and she left in Denmark her other children and their families. It must have been a very difficult decision for her to make. We do not know what prompted her to leave her homeland and family ties, so late in her life; or if she intended this to be a temporary move.

According to Poul Hansen, the records from that time show that during the years 1875 to 1879, there were only four adults that left Vennebjerg Parish. Anton and Hanne Petersen, Frederick Petersen and Lena Westerholt left for America in 1877, accompanied by the Petersen children, Tena, Laura, and Miller.

Eventually, Anton's parents "gave" three of their sons to America, never to see them again. They felt great sadness as their family members joined the exodus to America from Denmark.

They travelled across the Atlantic Ocean in a crowded cattle boat, and the journey took them a long nine weeks.

My grandmother, Tena, remembered that it was a most uncomfortable journey. To help pass the long days, the girls were taught to crochet and knit, an important part of life for a young Danish girl. Tena was 8, Laura was 5, and Miller was a baby of 2 years.

I was told that their ship docked near Chicago, Illinois, and they lived in the area for awhile. Emma, the youngest child in the family, was born in Arlington, Illinois, in November 1878.

Around 1879, they travelled on, to the Western Frontier, to Argo Township, on the South Dakota Prairie. There they selected a portion

of land on which to file a claim under the Homestead Act. The 1880 Census shows them living in Argo Township, South Dakota. This later became known as White, South Dakota.

They immediately began working to fulfill the requirements of the Homestead Act. They made their home in a cave-like dwelling on their land, temporarily, while they also began to clear and break land for planting.

The area around Argo Township was being settled by other immigrants from Sweden, and Norway, as well as Denmark, so they felt a kinship with their neighbors. There was a feeling of community and the settlers helped each other as they all began to establish their homes on this virgin soil.

A few miles away, there were settlements of other homesteaders. Many of these people had lived in other States in the United States, and had come west to the prairie. These American settlers viewed the new Scandinavian settlers as foreigners, and there was some resentment toward them. The language barrier added to the problem. The Scandinavians were very anxious to learn to speak English, and to teach their children to speak English, so they would be "full-fledged" Americans.

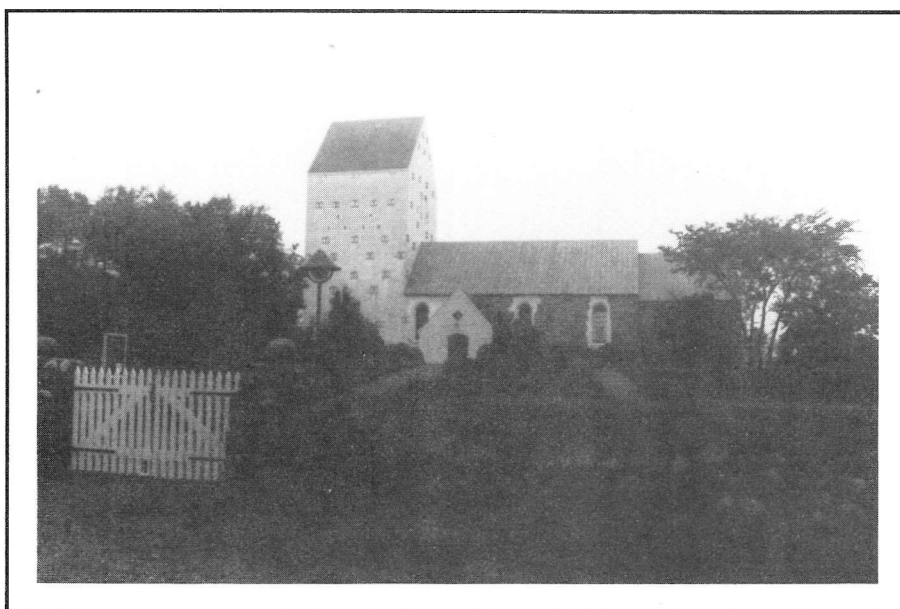
The prairie was flat, and there was very little to break the wind as it whistled across the open land. As they were able, the early settlers planted their required "ten trees per acre" all together, to act as a windbreak for their homes.

One of the first priorities was to get a house built, and the Petersen family began working on this, even while they were having also to work in the fields. Each family member helped with the work to be done.

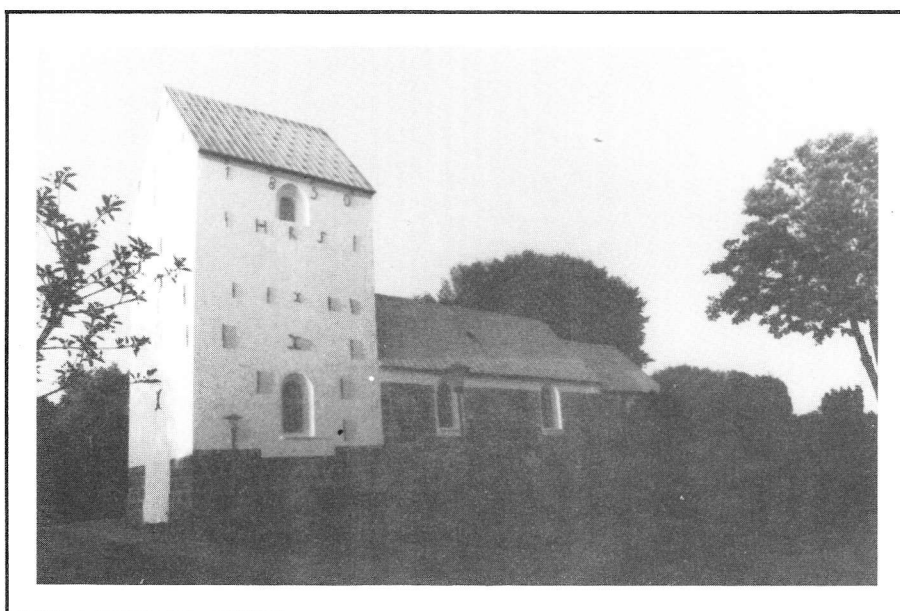
One day, while the entire family was out working in the field, they looked up to see smoke rising to the sky, and it appeared to be coming from where they were building their house.

They ran back, and found their house in flames. All they had worked for was up in smoke! Their personal possessions were all they had left, in the cave where they had been living. Their money was all gone, and they believed that the fire had been set to cover a robbery.

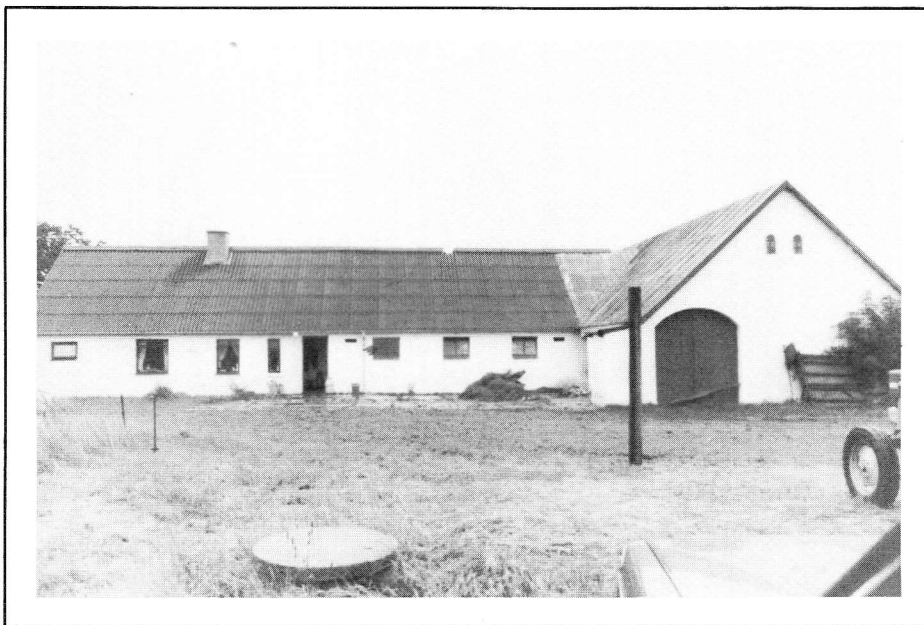
They cleared the rubble, covered over the cellar that had been dug, with logs and sod,



Vennebjerg Church, where Tena Petersen was baptized in 1869.



Aaby Church, where Peter Bentsen was baptized in 1869.



Home of Morten Laursen and Nicoline Westerholt Laursen.



Home of Christen Stephansen, Grandfather of Peter Bentsen.



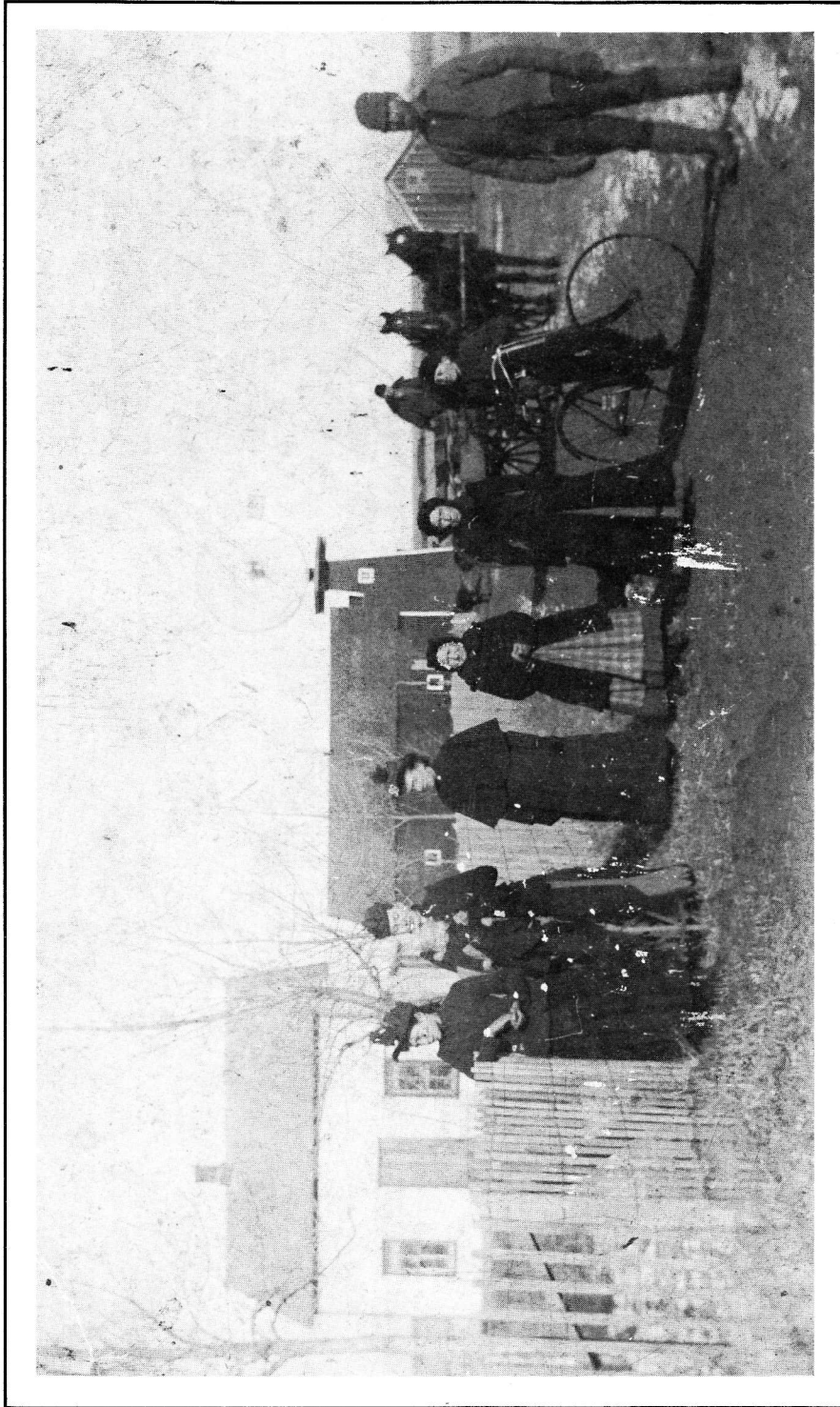
A family portrait of the Anton Petersen Family. Front Row: Emma and Miller Petersen; Seated: Hanne, Anton Petersen, Mother Nicoline Westerholt; Standing Back Row: Laura, Unknown, Unknown, Tena.



This is the farm home of the Anton Petersen family, in White, South Dakota. The family is standing outside; left to right, Anton, Miller, probably Tena, Laura, Emma, Hanne's mother, Lena Westerholt, and Hanne Petersen.



*Miller, Tena, Laura and Emma Petersen.
Children of Hanne and Anton.*



*At the Petersen Farm, About 1892.
Emma, Tena, holding Edna, Laura, Nicoline Westerholt, Hanne Petersen, Miller, with bicycle, Peter Bentsen on wagon in rear,
and Anton Petersen.*

and prepared to spend the coming winter living in the cellar.

In October 1880, South Dakota was hit by one of the most severe blizzards in the history of the State. From October until March of 1881, snow covered the prairie, and the entire area was snowbound. As the winter progressed, the settlers had to burn everything they could get their hands on, to try to stay warm. Grandma remembered that her grandmother, Lena, would take the wisps of straw they had, and twist them as tightly as she could, so that they would burn slower, and their warmth would last a little longer.

The snow was so bad that visibility was zero. It was impossible to keep your bearings in such a blizzard, even a short distance from their living quarters. It was necessary to tie a rope to the doorframe and stretch it behind you as you went out, so that you could follow it to find your way back safely.

Typhoid fever struck the family during the winter, too. Feeling that the weather and illness were just too much to bear, Anton became discouraged, and was ready to give up. He said "let's just go to bed and to sleep", feeling that they would never wake up again. But, Hanne and her mother were not ready to give up. They were determined to fight for life, and to keep the family going. Through the Grace of God and their own determination, they were able to hang on until there was a break in the weather, and help could get to them.

Many lives were lost during that terrible winter, and many books have been written about the struggles of the brave settlers.

As soon as they were able to get out and about, they worked even more diligently to earn and save enough money to start over, and to get a real house built for the family, and barns for the animals.

Frederick Petersen decided to move on, seeking a more hospitable environment to make his start. The family never heard from him again.

The Petersens and Grandmother Westerholt were active in their community. They were among the first members and strong supporters of the Pioneer Evangelical Lutheran Church in Argo Township, the Danish Church. Anton Petersen served the congregation as its first Secretary. He offered a corner

of his land for the church building and school. The church elected to build elsewhere, but the school was on the Petersen farm. Church records indicate that the Petersens were among the first to pay their pledge to the treasury each year.

Oldtimers still remember the family from those early days and say that they were well thought of in the community. I corresponded with the son of 93 year old Holger Hortness, who had attended the funeral of great-grandfather Anton. Mr. Hortness was able to help us locate the graves of Anton, Hanne, Laura Petersen, and Nicoline Westerholt, during my search in 1979.

In 1885, Anton's niece, Maria Jensen Rishoi and her husband, Nels Christian Rishoi and their children arrived in South Dakota from Denmark. The children were Jens Miller, Alfred, Arnold, Emil, Roy and Stanley Rishoi. This family returned to live in Denmark for a few years, and then again emigrated to settle and stay in South Dakota.

Soren Christian Moller Petersen, Anton's younger brother, arrived in South Dakota in 1886. He stayed with the Petersens. His wife and their children came over from Denmark in 1889, and arrived by train in Brookings, South Dakota, on Christmas Eve, during a snowstorm. They then had to travel by horse and buggy another 15 miles, to Anton's and Hanne's farm in White.

One of the children, Gordina, was very ill. By the time they arrived at the farm, it appeared that she was suffering from pneumonia. She died shortly thereafter.

Soren Christian decided to take his family farther west, and they settled in Seattle, Washington, in 1890.

By this time, my grandmother, Tena, was a young woman of 21, and was working outside the home to earn a living. She worked for a family in White, who also decided to move to Seattle, the new frontier, and they invited her to go with them. She was a maid in their home, and may also have worked at another job. One story is that this family owned a hotel, and cafe, and that she worked as a waitress in the cafe.

She told a story about the time someone knocked at the door of the home where she worked, and she went to answer, even though her high collar was unbuttoned for comfort

while she went about her chores. When the caller left, she was chastised by the lady of the house, for "answering the door in that state of undress".

It seems that this was not the home of the Soren Christian Petersen family, although Tena's cousin, Art Petersen, writes that his mother told him that she was present in their home at the time of his birth, to help care for the family. His birthday is January, 1891.

During her stay in Seattle, Washington, Tena met my grandfather, Niels Peter Bentsen, in the cafe where she worked as a waitress . . .

Niels Peter Bentsen, my grandfather, was born on September 5, 1869, in Birkelse, Denmark, to Bendt and Ellen Christensen. He was the youngest of their five children: Maren Christine, born in 1859; Niels Christian, who died as an infant; Lars Peter, born in January, 1862; Carl Christian, born May 4, 1865; and Niels Peter. His surname was properly "Bendt-sen", but after he came to America, he dropped the "d".

Grandpa's family had lived in that same area of Denmark for generations, and were hard working farm people.

Maren Hansen Frandsen, the granddaughter of his sister, Maren Christine, writes of the life of the family:

"In those days, it was necessary for the husband and wife both to earn money, if possible. Peter's grandfather farmed, and worked on the nearby large estate also, and his grandmother worked as a cook, often preparing food for other people when they had a party."

His parents, Ellen and Bendt, lived at "Skovdal". "Their house and barn (ko-haus) was one building, with the barn on one end and the family home on the other. The family had a horse, some sheep, pigs and three or four cows. Bendt was a farmer and Ellen had been taught to cook by her mother. She did the cooking, housework, spinning; whatever needed to be done around the house, and she was very clever with her hands. Though they worked very hard, there were times when the family was short of both food and money."

Peter told the story of his father finding a goose frozen to the ice one winter day. He brought it home; half of it became Christmas dinner, and the other half was sold for a welcome two kroner.

The children in the family had to take jobs to bring in money as soon as they were able, often as early as 10 years. Maren Christine was taught to sew, and later did sewing for other people, making dresses, coats, . . . anything! The boys helped with farming chores.

As it was where the Petersens lived, here, too, the farmers were required to provide labor for the big estates about one-third of the time.

When Peter was a young man, he was hired on the Birkelse estate, working as a coachman. His duties were to drive the coach for the owners, and to care for the horses; feeding and watering them, grooming them and keeping their hooves highly polished.

His employers were very strict and demanding, quick to criticize if work was not done to their satisfaction, and praise was non-existent. Peter wasn't happy working under these conditions.

He, too, was aware of the stories from America, promising land, free, to anyone willing to settle on it and farm it. He had probably talked to his family about his dream of going to America one day, but they were reluctant for him to go, not knowing what lay ahead of him, or if they would ever see him again!

He had been criticized for small infractions; not grooming the horse to the owner's satisfaction, and not keeping their hooves polished good enough (and he hated doing that!) And then one day, he made the mistake of changing the routine of taking the horses to water one at a time. He decided it would make more sense to take them two at a time . . . so he rode one of the stallions, and led the other.

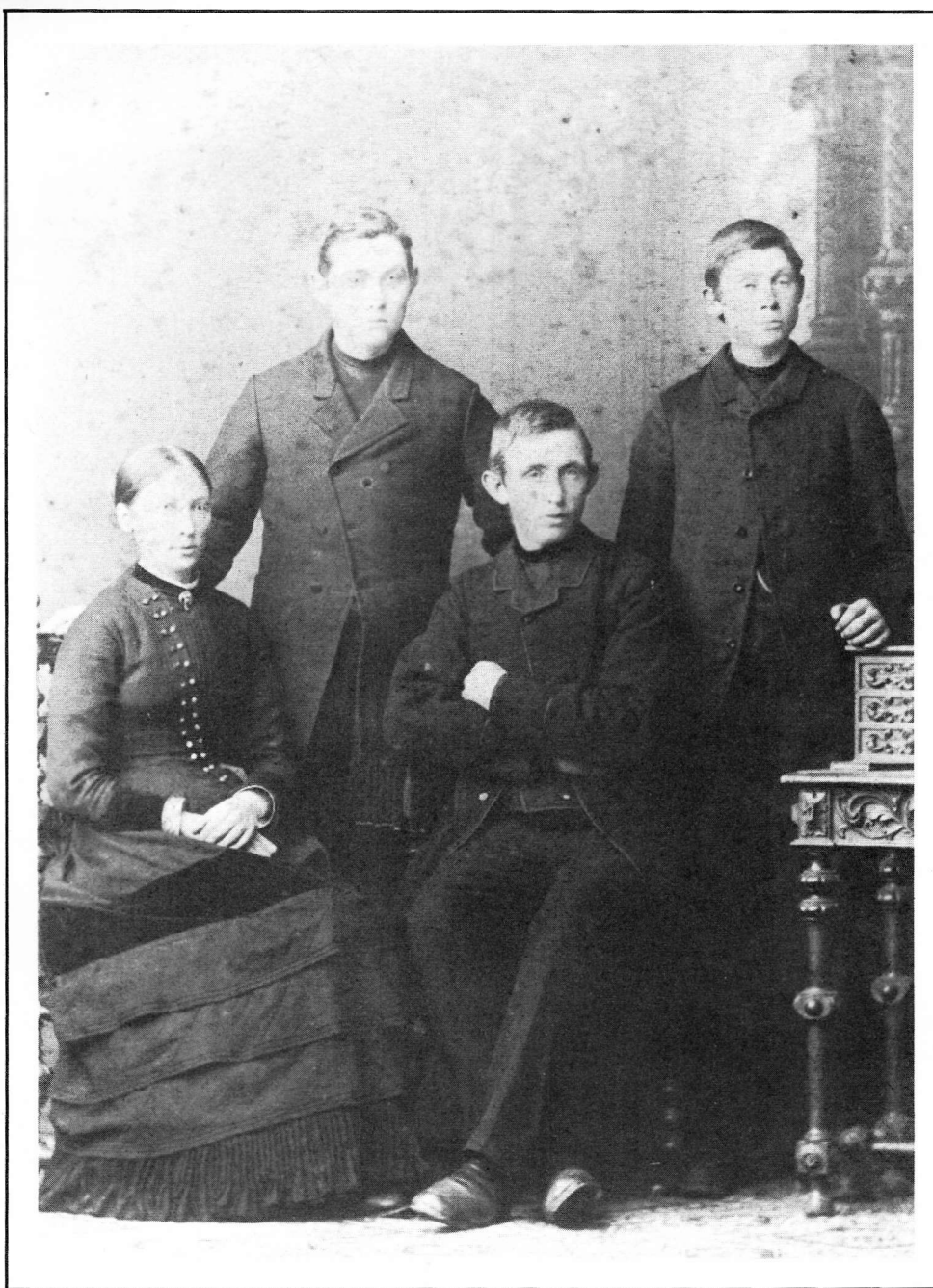
Unfortunately, the high-strung stallions got into a fight, and Peter was thrown off. He cut his head in the fall, and there was a great to-do to separate the horses. Peter was fired.

He decided it was time for him to go to America, and he would find a way!

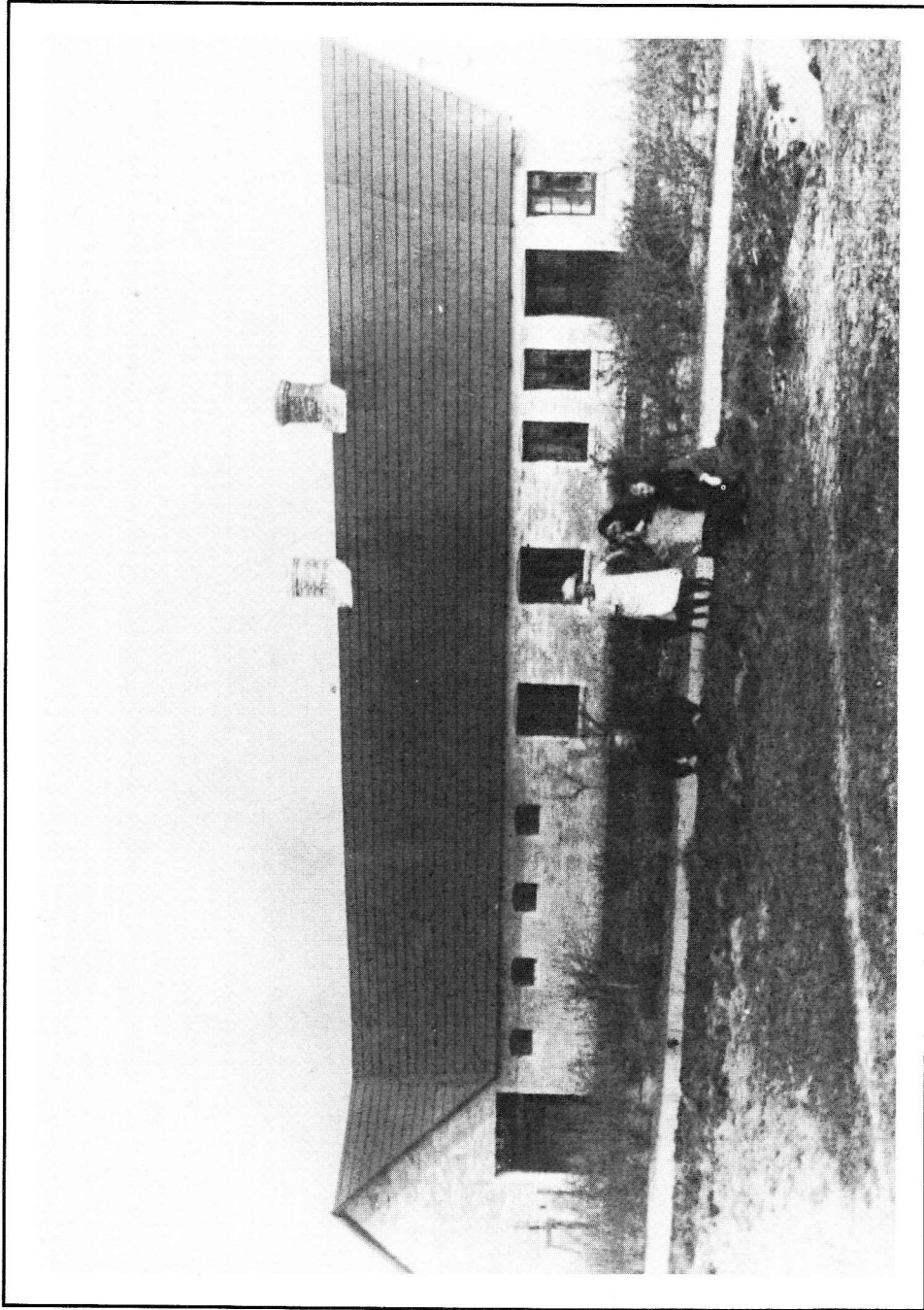
He borrowed some money from an aunt, and managed to get aboard a freighter bound for the United States; and hid. He travelled as a stow-away; but after three days in hiding, and when the ship was far enough out to sea that he couldn't be put off, his hunger forced him to turn himself in to the Captain. They worked out an agreement whereby he could earn his passage, working as a crew member. He was just nineteen years old.



Ellen and Bendt Christensen, parents of Niels Peter Bentsen, Birkelse, Denmark.



Maren Christine, Carl, Lars Peter and Niels Peter Bentsen, the children of Ellen and Bendt Christensen, Birkelse, Denmark.



"Skovdal", the home of Peter Bentsen's family, in Birkelse, Denmark. Standing in front are Morten Madsen, Dagmar, his daughter, Ellen Christensen, and Maren Christine Madsen, grandfather's sister.



Dagmar, Maren Christine (sister of Peter) and her husband, Morten Madsen, in their home, Birkelse, Denmark.



Niels Peter Bentsen, in the coachman's uniform he wore on his job in Birkelse, Denmark.



*Birkelse Estate
where Peter Bentsen
was employed.*



When he arrived in America, he knew no one and could not speak a word of English. He knew that the first thing he had to do was to "learn the language". He planned to find a farmer and offer his services as a farm hand, in exchange for room and board and being taught to "speak the language". He found a willing farmer, and after being on the job for some time, discovered that "the language" he was being taught was German, not English! He quit that job, and went out to find another, this time making sure that the farmer would teach him to speak *English*.

Pete, as he was called, moved on to Seattle, Washington, where he found a job working on the construction of the first tramway in that city.

One day, as he went to the nearby cafe for lunch, he discovered a very pretty young Danish waitress, named Tena Petersen. He was very happy to be able to carry on a conversation in his native Danish, and to find out that she came from the same part of Denmark that he did. They seemed to have a lot in common, and their friendship was destined to grow into a very special love for one another.

Tena wrote to her parents to tell them about this fellow, Pete Bentsen, whom she had met and fallen in love with, seeking their approval.

Her parents were not pleased!

Because of Nicoline's lineage, now Tena's lineage, they did not want her to marry anyone that was not of "good" background . . . of the upper class . . .

(There have been stories through the years of "Royal blood" in this line, but I have not found any definite proof.

One version is that Tena's grandfather was a prince who had been held a prisoner in a dungeon during one of the border wars with Germany and Denmark. This prince walked around a marble table in the prison, to pass the days, and his habit was to drag his thumb on the edge of the table as he walked, and eventually, he formed a groove in the table top.

He managed to escape, having to battle his way to freedom. His life was in grave danger, and so he was taken to the home of a country family in an isolated part of the country, to live in hiding, under an assumed name.

The story came down through the family, along with other versions. One great-granddaughter of Nicoline remembers hearing from

her grandmother Hanne, stories of the olden days in Denmark, when the old king would come to the farm to visit, riding in a royal coach, pulled by fancy horses.

But my grandmother, Tena, counselled her own children that "we put all thought of kings and princes behind us when we came to America."

When she was a very old woman, she was asked to recount the story again by her daughter, my Aunt Laurel, so the facts could be put down for the future generations to know.

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "I don't know anything about any such story!" But, the stories remain, and are intriguing to hear . . . causing us to wonder about our "Royal blood".)

Anton and Hanne Petersen decided they should write back to Denmark, to learn all they could of the background of Peter Bentsen before they would give their approval for a wedding. The answer came back that the Bentsens were of peasant stock; he did not have an aristocratic bloodline.

By that time though, Peter and Tena were very much in love, and determined to marry. Her parents reluctantly agreed, with the understanding that the young couple would come to South Dakota, to be married at the home of her family.

They travelled by train from Seattle to Brookings, South Dakota. Grandpa used to tease Grandma by saying that he had had to wash dishes to pay her fare.

They were close in age, with Grandma being six months older than Grandpa. So, they agreed that she would be "boss" for half the year, and he would be "boss" the other half of the year.

The wedding on Thanksgiving Day, was a double ceremony. Grandma's cousin, Thomas Petersen, and his bride, Petrea, were married with Peter and Tena, on November 25, 1891. (Both of these couples lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversaries, fifty years later, the Bentsens in Mission, Texas; and the Petersens in Denmark.)

The Petersen's helped the young Bentsens obtain their first section of land, adjacent to their farm. There they established their home, and as the years passed, their children were born.



Peter and Tena Bentsen about 1891.

The Bentsens joined the Pioneer Evangelical Lutheran Church, the Danish Church, where her parents were members, and they, too, were active in their community. Peter joined the Danish Brotherhood Lodge, and soon became an officer in the Lodge.

They worked very hard developing their farm. In the beginning, they borrowed money at 28%, to buy a cow and a horse, probably some chickens, and a few necessary farm implements. Their supplies were very limited.

The cow provided milk for the family, and also was trained to work alongside the horse, pulling the machinery . . . the plow, or the reaper. They grew corn and wheat, potatoes, and raised pigs, chickens and sheep.

Great-grandpa Petersen was still not fond of his son-in-law, and there was quite a coolness between the two men. Tena and her mother maintained the family relations and visited back and forth, although the men generally stayed at home.

All the work took longer to accomplish on the Bentsen farm than the Petersen farm, because Grandpa and Grandma could not afford the equipment and manpower that the Petersens could. They worked together, Pete and Tena. At harvest time, she drove the team and guided the path of the reaper, and he followed behind to tie the sheaves. It was a long and slow process, and they had to get started early; as soon as the grain was barely mature, in order to get the job done while the weather held.

Grandpa Petersen, on the other hand, could afford to let his wheat mature a little longer in the field, allowing the heads to fill out and get heavier. He had the equipment to harvest the field in a much shorter time.

One harvest-time, Grandpa and Grandma Bentsen had completed their task, harvesting the entire field. Great-grandpa Petersen's crop was still standing, maturing, and a tremendous hail storm came up, and pounded his entire field of wheat to the ground, destroying it.

As Grandpa sat at the breakfast table the next morning, he could see from the window that his father-in-law was pacing back and forth, between the two farms, looking from his devastated field on one side, to Pete's and Tena's clean field on the other.

He continued to pace, back and forth, wringing his hands. Finally, Grandpa Bentsen

went out to talk to him, and Great grandfather said "Perhaps it is time to be friends . . .", "And, he was looking at MY crop in the barn!" Grandpa said!

The Bentsens had a family of six children, all born at home on the farm, with Great-grandma Petersen there to assist with the births. Edna May, my mother, was born on April 19, 1892; Anton Bentley on June 2, 1893; Lloyd Millard, November 24, 1894, a Thanksgiving Day; Elmer Caroles, January 10, 1897, Laurel Havanna, June 28, 1898; and Adelbert Antonio, November 7, 1899.

The names of the children reflect Grandma's creativity. She often chose names in honor of a favorite person, but also chose not to use the exact same name. Therefore, Alton Bentley was named after his grandfathers, Anton Petersen and Bendt Christensen. Adelbert Antonio (Dietz) was also named in honor of Anton Petersen. Lloyd Millard was named after Grandma's brother, Miller Petersen; and Laurel Havanna got her name both from her grandmother, Hanne, and from the events of the day. Havanna, Cuba and the Spanish-American War were much in the news. It is not so obvious where Edna May came from and even less obvious where Elmer Caroles came from.

Years later, Adelbert picked up the nickname of "Dietz". There was a family by that name in the area, and young Adelbert was their champion during some misunderstanding in the community. He was such a staunch defender, that everyone began calling him "Dietz", and the name has stayed with him through the years. Grandma Bentsen is the only person I can ever remember hearing call him "Adelbert".

In 1895, at the age of 56, Great-grandpa Petersen developed "stomach trouble". He became increasingly sicker, and finally died; probably from a ruptured appendix. There were no doctors nearby, so medical help on the farm was virtually impossible.

Anton Petersen was buried in the church cemetery, not far from his home.

Within the next few years; we do not know the exact date, Great-great-grandmother Westervolt also died. Alton remembered that he and his father went by the Petersen farm one morning. As they were getting ready to leave, little Alton went into the bedroom where his

great-grandmother was "resting" to tell her goodbye, and she wouldn't answer him. He was very upset that she wouldn't talk to him, and ran out to tell his father that "Grandma won't talk to me!"

The adults went in, and discovered that she had died.

It was the custom in those days to place a coin on each eyelid of the deceased, and Alton remembered vividly watching as his father performed this ritual, which he told me about in his 85th year.

Great-great-grandmother, Nicoline Westerholt, was buried near Great-grandfather, Anton Petersen, in the church cemetery.

When the Bentsen children were small, Danish was spoken in the home as well as English, so that they could learn both languages. My mother, Edna, remembered that as a small child, she was able to carry on a conversation in Danish, but evidently her pronunciation was pretty funny. She didn't like to speak in Danish to anyone but her parents.

Grandma's sister, Laura, wanted to hear her, and so the two women were encouraging little Edna to converse, but she wouldn't do it. Her aunt Laura hid behind the kitchen door, and Grandma called to her to come to the kitchen. Soon, she had her speaking in Danish. But Aunt Laura couldn't help laughing, and the game was up!

As the older children were nearing school age, Grandpa and Grandma felt that it was essential that they use only English. It was very important to them that the children be "Americans", and fluent and comfortable in the language of their country. They decided to move their church membership from the "Danish Church", the Pioneer Evangelical Lutheran, to the United Presbyterian Church, where services were conducted in English.

In spite of these efforts, the children were sometimes called "d--n foreigners" at school. Grandma assured them that they were just as American as anyone else born in this country, and that after all, "a foreigner is only the person who came here after the one who came before. Everyone here is a foreigner, except the Indians".

Life on the farm was very demanding, and everyone was needed to help with the work. The children were assigned tasks as soon as

they were able to follow direction, even as young as four or five years of age.

A typical day for a farmer was to be up at dawn to milk the cows every day without fail, feed and water all the animals, clean the stalls, pens, etc. After breakfast, they would go to the fields to plow, plant, cultivate or harvest; whatever was needed. The hay was made into haystacks and the grain brought into the barn to be stored for winter feeding. There were endless chores to be done to keep a farm running, and each demanded to be done on time. Fences had to be built, and kept in good repair; sheep shorn, horses groomed and shod; and in the evening all the animals had to be fed again, and the cows milked again, every night without fail.

In season the men butchered cows and pigs, to provide meat for the family to eat. The meat had to be "cured" because there was no refrigeration.

The women made sausage and stuffed the casings at butchering time, and used the fat to make into soap.

Inside, there was housework to be done. Grandma cooked on a wood-burning stove, so it was necessary to have a supply of kindling and wood cut to be burned in the cookstove. She and the girls churned butter from the cream produced for their own use and sold any extra for a little cash. She baked all the bread, cakes, cookies and pies that the family ate and canned fruit and vegetables when they were fresh to be stored for winter's use. She made all their jellies, jams and preserves.

Raising chickens, perhaps as many as 1000, was also "women's work". They had to be fed, cared for and the eggs gathered for the family's use or to be sold. When the family had chicken dinner, Grandma selected the chicken, killed and cleaned it, and prepared it for dinner.

One of her favorite dinners that we all remember was chicken and dumplings. She boiled the chicken, boned it, to be sure everyone got a share, she said; put it back in the broth and then made Danish dumplings to add to the pot. She used a Danish spice called "timian" when she could get it, which gave it a very special flavor.

She sewed clothes for all the family, teaching the girls to sew when they were old enough. They also knitted sweaters, socks and



Left to right: Tena and Peter Bentsen, Laura Petersen.



Alton and Edna Bentsen, about 1895.



*The Bentsen Family about 1897.
Peter, holding Lloyd, Tena, holding Elmer, Edna and Alton, on chair.*



Early Farm Home, White, South Dakota

Left to right: Laura Petersen, Unknown holding Elmer, Emma Petersen, Tena Bentsen holding infant Laurel, Edna, Alton standing beside buggy, Lloyd in buggy, about 1898.

hats to wear in cold weather. Ironing was done with a flatiron, heated on top of the kitchen stove (the range). These irons were made of iron, and were heavy, cumbersome things. The heat was very uneven, either too hot or not hot enough. Ironing was a hot, disagreeable job.

Washing the clothes was not much better. The clothes had to be scrubbed by hand, using a corrugated washboard in a tub of water, with soap that had been made from the rendered fat from butchering, mixed with lye. The clothes were wrung out by hand, rinsed in a second tub of clean water, wrung out again, and then hung out to dry. When they were dry, the clothes were folded, separated, and put away. This was an all day chore.

A typical week for a farm housewife might be: washing on Monday; ironing and mending on Tuesday; tending the garden and sewing on Wednesday; baking, canning, etc., on Thursday; cleaning the house on Friday; going into town on Saturday to sell butter and eggs and to buy staples; and on Sunday, going to Sunday School and Church, followed by a huge "Sunday Dinner". The woman of the house had been up early, making preparations for this special dinner, before getting the children and then herself ready to go to Church. The remaining time on Sunday afternoon was her "leisure" time, for reading, visiting, and maybe just resting!

In addition to the chores of running the home, the woman of the house had her children to care for and supervise at play or their chores. Grandma Bentsen had her family of six children in a space of 7½ years, so she had little ones to care for and nurture constantly during those first years of marriage.

At threshing time, a crew of farmers went from farm to farm to help each other with the major harvesting of the crops. During threshing time, the men worked from sun-up to sun-down; and the wife at the farm being worked, was responsible for preparing hearty meals to feed all the crew. There were often as many as 20 hungry men and boys to feed. The noon meal would include meat, potatoes, several vegetables, hot rolls or biscuits, gravy, butter, preserves, relishes, milk and coffee; followed by dessert of pie, cake, cookies or fruit.

Usually, the man and the boys did all the outside work, and the woman and the girls took care of everything inside, in addition to

raising a vegetable garden . . . with flowers added, to feed their souls.

The kids quickly learned to form an allegiance between themselves, and never told on one another, even to the extent of accepting punishment that was rightfully belonging to another. But, when that happened, the score was settled between the kids, outside, away from the folks.

Grandma Bentsen was a much softer, more lenient person than Grandpa. She sought harmony and cooperation in her family, letting bygones be bygones. She felt that the lessons a child learned "at mother's knee" were the most important and long-lasting lessons they would ever learn. She demonstrated, on a daily basis, her strong faith in God, and her love for her family.

In 1899, Grandpa had completed the requirements to petition for citizenship in the United States of America, and it was granted to him. As many people believed, Grandpa and Grandma thought that when he became a citizen, his wife automatically did also. They lived under this assumption for many years.

By this time, they were doing well with their farming, adding to the land they owned, and with a little money in the bank. They were able to hire farmhands to help with the work on the farm, and Grandpa decided that he should return to Denmark, to visit his family there.

Because he left so quickly in 1889, he hadn't had time to say proper goodbyes, and his parents were getting older. And, he wanted them to see for themselves that he was living a successful life in America.

In the years since he left, his sister, Maren Christine, had married Morten Madsen; his brother Lars Peter had married Karoline; and his brother, Carl, had died.

The expense of the trip was great, and it was such a long way to go, so Grandpa and Grandma decided that he should plan to stay several months.

His visit was a surprise to his family in Denmark, so he made his first stop at the home of an aunt, so that she could go and prepare his mother and the shock of seeing him would not be too great. The aunt put on her "good apron" to signal that something special was happening, and went to the home of Ellen

Christensen, to break the news that Peter had come home for a visit.

He had already run into problems with the authoritarian society that he had fled in his youth, having been arrested for minor infractions of the law on the way from the station to his aunt's house. He had requested help with his luggage from a uniformed employee at the railway station, which was forbidden; and he had walked on the grass, which was also forbidden.

When he arrived at his parent's home, he was welcomed grandly, and treated as a very special guest, rather than as part of the family. At mealtime, it was the custom to serve special guests first, with the men of the family being served next, and finally, the women and the children. Grandpa was very uncomfortable with this arrangement, but could not convince his family to treat him like one of the *family*.

As time passed, all the frustrations he had felt as a young man with the stringent rules and customs returned, and he decided to cut short his visit. He wanted to return to America, his home and his own family and their more relaxed way of life.

Great-grandma Petersen, called "Mor", had continued to live on the farm in White after the death of great-grandpa Anton. She managed the farm with the help of her son, great uncle Miller, with considerable success. Great aunt Laura and great aunt Emma both became school teachers, and lived at home until they were married.

Aunt Laura had been in love with Fred Minier, from White, but somehow that didn't work out. She married Sandy Grey, who was a handsome, charming fellow; but not her real love. They lived in Peever, South Dakota, and had no children. Aunt Laura died as a young woman of 39, in 1911. Her death was a tragedy for her family.

Aunt Emma married John Hines, in 1902. He had some Indian blood and was connected with the Sisseton Tribe, from the area around Peever. John was tall and fair skinned, with light sandy hair, their daughter Nila, remembers. Because Emma's skin was darker, people often assumed that it was she that had the Indian blood, according to Nila. Emma and John had a family of five children: Hannila (Nila), Juanita (Nita), Laura, John, and Yvan (Barney).

Uncle Miller was a tall, slender, handsome young man. In 1905 he married Fay Emig, and they went to Peever to make their home on the farm. They had a family of two sons; Dan, and Millard (Bud), who died in his teens as the result of an accident.

Uncle Miller became influential in the community and was a stockholder in the bank in Peever. His bank, along with most banks in the United States, had to close their doors during the Depression years. Miller Petersen spent many years working to pay back any money that was lost by his neighbors who had money in his bank. He was a remarkable, honest and responsible man!

With three of her children living in Peever, great-grandmother Petersen decided to sell her farm and move there, also.

She decided to move the graves of her mother, and great-grandpa Anton to Peever, also, to be buried at Old St. Mary's Cemetery, located on Indian Agency land, near Sisseton.

Arrangements were made with a man by the name of Grundig to dig up the coffins and transport them to Peever. The journey would take four days, so the coffins were dug up and secured on a wagon, so an early start could be made the following day.

During the night before Grundig left, the Bentsen boys could not resist the temptation to sneak out to the wagon and peek into the coffins. They took a lantern and tools, and pried open the coffins . . . and still tell the story of the bodies with long hair and long fingernails. It was scary, and very exciting.

All the Bentsen kids learned early to be honest, to work hard, and to enjoy life. They enjoyed playing practical jokes on each other and on their neighborhood friends.

One of the favorite stories is of "Butter", their pet ram. The kids had bottle-raised this ram, and taught him to respond to hand signals. They would hold pieces of wood for Butter to break by ramming into them with his horns. With the slightest wave of the hand, Butter knew when to "butt" something, and on signal, when to stop. The kids often used Butter's talent to even the score between them and the hired man, or their "enemies". For a long time, the action was classified "accidental" . . . and the kids maintained their innocence.

The stories of their growing up years are told and retold. I will try to put some of them down for your enjoyment, too.

My mother told the story that when she was born, the family cat, who had been "master of all", jumped up on the bed, looked at her, "hissed" loudly and never came into the house again!

When she was just little, she went shopping with Grandma, and picked a bunch of grapes from the shelf to eat. When they were all gone, she held the stem up to the grocer and asked "please man, fill this up again".

Grandma lost her wedding band, and was quite upset about it. They hunted and hunted, but it was not to be found. About two years later, the hired man came in, bringing the ring. He had seen something glitter when they were out working in the field, and when he stopped to investigate, found the wedding ring, engraved with Peter and Tena's names.

One story from school days is about the banker's son, who still wore his hair long, and in golden curls. You can imagine the teasing that he had to endure from the rowdy farm kids. They say he was a "goody two-shoes" and a Mama's boy, and the kids really didn't care for him. One day, Alton, with the help of a friend, caught him and took him down to the livery stable, where they cut off his ringlets! They were expelled from school for that prank, but it didn't dampen their spirits.

The next thing they did to this poor kid was to catch him standing outside the window on the fire escape, during a drill, and yanked his trousers down around his ankles . . . and there he stood, in his skivvies, for all the world to see. He couldn't run; and they were expelled again!

Another favorite trick in school was to read a comic book, held inside their school book for camouflage. But, when they were caught, they got sent home again. Grandpa had to act as Negotiator, to make some sort of peace between the kids and the teacher!

There was the story about Grandma inspecting the work done on the new house they were building. Every night after the workmen left, she made the rounds. If the work was not done to her liking, she pulled up boards, pulled nails, and "undid", so it could be done correctly the next day.

Dietz was "the inspector" for the new barn when it was built. Grandma looked out one day, when he was only two years old, and saw him climbing around on the roof! (At age 85, he is still climbing around on rooftops!)

Another day, during the cold of winter, she happened to look up from washing dishes, to see Lloyd standing in the yard, with his tongue stuck to a frozen pipe. She grabbed the pan of dishwater, rushed out, and poured it over him in time to free his tongue before real damage took place.

Lloyd remembers that Grandma wore her hair long, and that it touched the floor when she stood. She let the kids brush it, and they loved that. When she told them that she was going to have to have it cut, they were sad. But she said the weight of the hair was making her head awfully sore.

She used to sing them Danish nursery songs when they were very little. One of the songs popped into Lloyd's memory 85 years later, when our cousin from Denmark came for a visit.

Laurel and Dietz discovered matches! They took their treasure out between the barn buildings, and sat down to see if they could start a fire with them. They found some straw, and were very intent on striking their matches, when Grandpa happened to come in from the field unexpectedly, and found them there. Had they been "successful", they would have started a conflagration, because the buildings were close together, and the wind would have carried the flames to destroy both barns, at the very least. Grandpa grabbed them up, gave them each a sound whipping, and sent them to their rooms, not to come down again that day, and maybe not for a week! Grandma took pity on them later that night, and took them some food . . . but they were properly impressed by Grandpa's reaction.

The family got a new, fancy outhouse, with three different sizes of holes, including a small one for the children. But, Laurel felt very grown-up, and decided she was big enough to try the biggest hole. She slipped through . . . almost. She managed to hang there by the back of her head and her heels, while she screamed her loudest for someone to come rescue her.

Horses were used for transportation and for doing the farm chores, so the children were



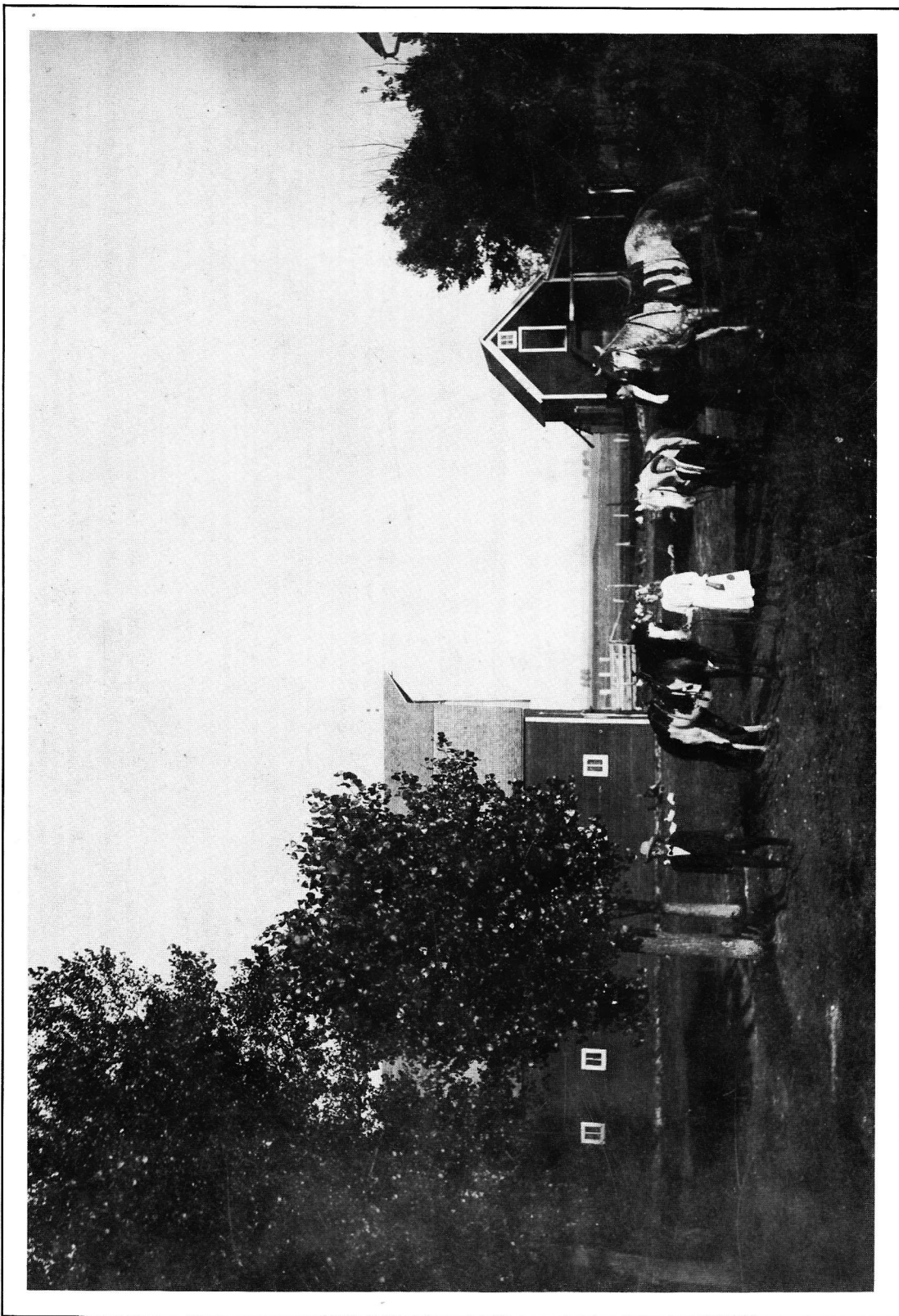
*The Bentsen Children.
Edna, Laurel, Alton, Lloyd, Elmer, and Dietz (front), about 1901.*



Hanne Petersen, holding grandson Dietz. The other Bentsen grandchildren are: Edna, Lloyd, Elmer, (rear) Laurel and Alton. Taken around 1902.



*The Bentsen Farm Home, White, South Dakota about 1905.
Left to right: Alton, Elmer, Lloyd, Dietz and Peter by the horse and buggy. Seated on the porch: Edna, Laurel and Tena.*



*The Bentsen Farm, White, South Dakota about 1905.
Left to right: Alton, Laurel, Dietz and Edna.*



Right: Edna and Laurel Bentsen, about 1909.

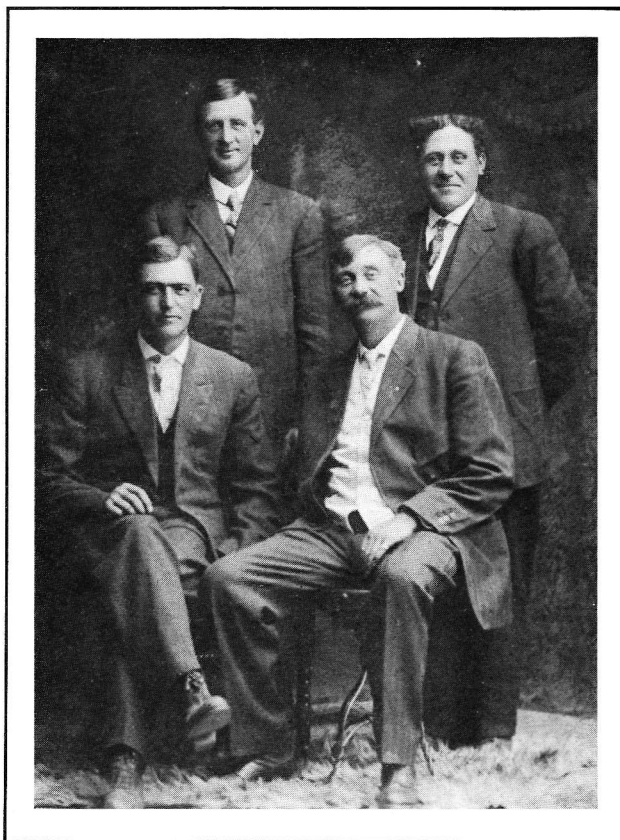
Below: The Peter Bentsen family. Left to right, standing: Laurel, Alton, Lloyd, Edna and Elmer. Seated: Tena, Dietz and Peter. Taken around 1909.



*Hanne
Tena (r
law, Fa*



Hanne Petersen, center, with daughters Laura and Tena (rear) and Emma (lower left) and daughter-in-law, Faye Emig Petersen.



Standing: Miller Petersen (Tena's brother), Sandy Grey (brother-in-law). Seated: John Hines (brother-in-law) and Peter Bentsen.

taught to ride very young. And they became good riders.

Edna, being the only girl in a family of boys for several years, until Laurel was born, learned to ride right alongside her brothers. She became adept at trick riding, and loved to stand on the horse's back, riding at a full gallop. She particularly enjoyed doing this when Grandma had a houseful of women for an afternoon club meeting.

All the kids helped with the farm chores, and Edna loved being "one of the boys". She told of being brave enough to go after a runaway horse that no one else had been able to catch. She managed to get him in a corner of the fenced pasture, got off her horse and threw her arms around the neck of the runaway, and held on until Grandpa could get a rope on him.

The favorite horses were Hinto, May, Pedro, and Bunny. In addition to these, there was one particularly mean horse that they had not been able to break to a saddle, to be ridden.

Edna couldn't resist the challenge, and she talked her little sister Laurel into coming to help get the horse out of the barn while Grandma and Grandpa were taking their afternoon nap. They managed to get the horse out, and were getting bridle and saddle on him when he broke free and ran; with part of the gear on him. Edna knew they had to catch that horse and get him back inside before the folks woke up and discovered what they were up to . . . and they just barely did! The horse was sold shortly thereafter.

One of the ways that Grandpa Bentsen brought in a little extra money was by buying the wild mustangs that were being rounded up in the Black Hills. He could buy them for \$5.00 apiece, and he brought them to the farm and broke them to saddle. When they were ready to be ridden, he could sell them for \$15.00, and have a nice profit.

The Bentsen kids were not able to complete highschool, because they were needed to work on their own farm, or to hire out to bring in extra money. This was the normal state of affairs in the farming communities of Dakota.

Edna was sent away to attend highschool, and was to do housework, in exchange for board and room. The arrangement did not prove satisfactory. She was assigned chores to do that were unfair and distasteful, when

Grandma and Grandpa had left. To investigate the bad reports they were getting from Edna, they made some unannounced visits, and found that she was being taken advantage of, and they immediately brought her home.

Even though she did not complete her own highschool education, she qualified to teach school by the time she was 16. She taught in a one room schoolhouse, grades one through eight, and had students sometimes older than she. She was able to keep order because she had them convinced that she had "eyes in the back of her head". She could see their reflections in her glasses as she faced the blackboard.

As the older boys reached early teens, they were allowed to work on neighboring farms when they weren't needed at home. Lloyd said they went with the threshing crews, and "learned things mother never wanted us to know!"

The two youngest, Laurel, 8, and Dietz, 7, were still mostly in school and at home. Being close in age, they were good friends and did many things together.

One popular form of entertainment for the young people was the community barn dance. The dances were well attended. This was a good place to get to know the "eligible" young people in the surrounding community.

Edna met Roy Sloan, of Brookings. He was considered one of the "catches" of the area. He was from a very prominent family, as well as being handsome, an excellent dancer, owner of one of the very first motor cars, and, with his brother Hal, one of the stars of the local baseball team.

Alton met and began courting Miss Blanche Tompkins, a pretty young woman from White.

Some of the young people looked forward to the chance for a good fist fight outside the dance, almost as much as they did to the dance itself! It was great sport to see if you could "steal" someone else's favorite girl, and that would provoke a fight. The Bentsen boys were pretty good fighters, and held their own.

In 1913, Carl Magnus Bentsen, the son of Grandpa's brother, Lars, came to America to live with the Bentsens. The brother, Lars, had written to Peter to say that he was unable to control his son, and asking if Pete would take on the job and give it a try. Grandpa agreed to

try, and so Magnus, as he was called then, was sent to South Dakota.

He was not happy to be here, and the Bentsen kids were not at all happy to have him! They resented having this "foreign cousin" in their midst, and he was plain mean, besides!

Magnus and Elmer fought, every day. One day, they had been given the job of carrying heavy bags of grain down the outside stairs and into the barn. Elmer talked Magnus into going down first, and when he had gone a few steps, Elmer threw his bag down, catching Magnus at the ankles; and he rolled the rest of the way to the bottom of the stairs with the grainbags. And, he was mad!

A few days later, Magnus found the opportunity to get even, when he spotted Elmer sitting on a box, whittling, and unaware of his presence. Magnus got the shotgun, fired, and knocked the box out from under Elmer!

These two would "equivocate" when Grandma asked questions about the goings-on. But, she knew she would get the truth of the matter if she asked Lloyd. He could be depended on to tell her the straight story. Elmer and Magnus tagged him "Mama's darling."

All the boys saw themselves as sharpshooters, and tried to outdo each other, target shooting. They got so good that they would place a small block of wood on their heads, stand facing each other, and shoot them off, firing simultaneously. Alton and Lloyd found this great sport.

When Grandma told them they "would be the death of her", they said "but Mom, why do you worry? If anyone gets hurt, it would be us, not you."

Early one morning, they got into a scuffle, and in the midst of the battle, one of the boys jumped into the flour bin just off the kitchen, with the other coming right behind, carrying the ever present shotgun. The gun was fired accidentally, straight up, and the shot went through the ceiling. There was a guest bedroom above, and my dad, Roy Sloan, was sleeping in that room. He had just gotten out of bed when he heard the sound, and turned to see the shot bounce the sheet on the bed where he had been.

I have often wondered how these kids grew to adulthood . . . and how Grandma survived their growing up years.

Magnus borrowed Grandpa's best gun to go hunting, without bothering to ask. The gun slipped, and the barrel hit the ground and was bent backwards, as the buggy was travelling along the road. Magnus returned the gun to the rack, and when Grandpa found it, he was furious; and called Magnus to account. "But Uncle Pete, now you have a unique gun. Now you can shoot around a corner!", he responded.

In 1914, Grandpa went on an excursion trip to Texas, with John Shary from Mission. He was intrigued by what he saw; "strawberries and roasting ears at Christmas time!" He saw what he considered to be better crops growing in the winter in Texas than could be grown in a Dakota Spring.

From his early experience in Denmark, he felt that a wise man should "get ahold of all the land he could, and hang on; because they aren't making any more."

He bought 14 acres near Mission, and went home to South Dakota to convince Grandma that they needed to move to Texas. She wasn't very enthusiastic about the idea . . .

As soon as motorcycles came on the scene, the Bentsen kids had to have one. Dietz remembers the time he and Alton were riding to town, Alton driving and Dietz riding in a sidecar. They approached a one-way bridge over a canal at a fast clip, and saw an oncoming car already on the bridge! Alton swerved, and they drove straight into the canal.

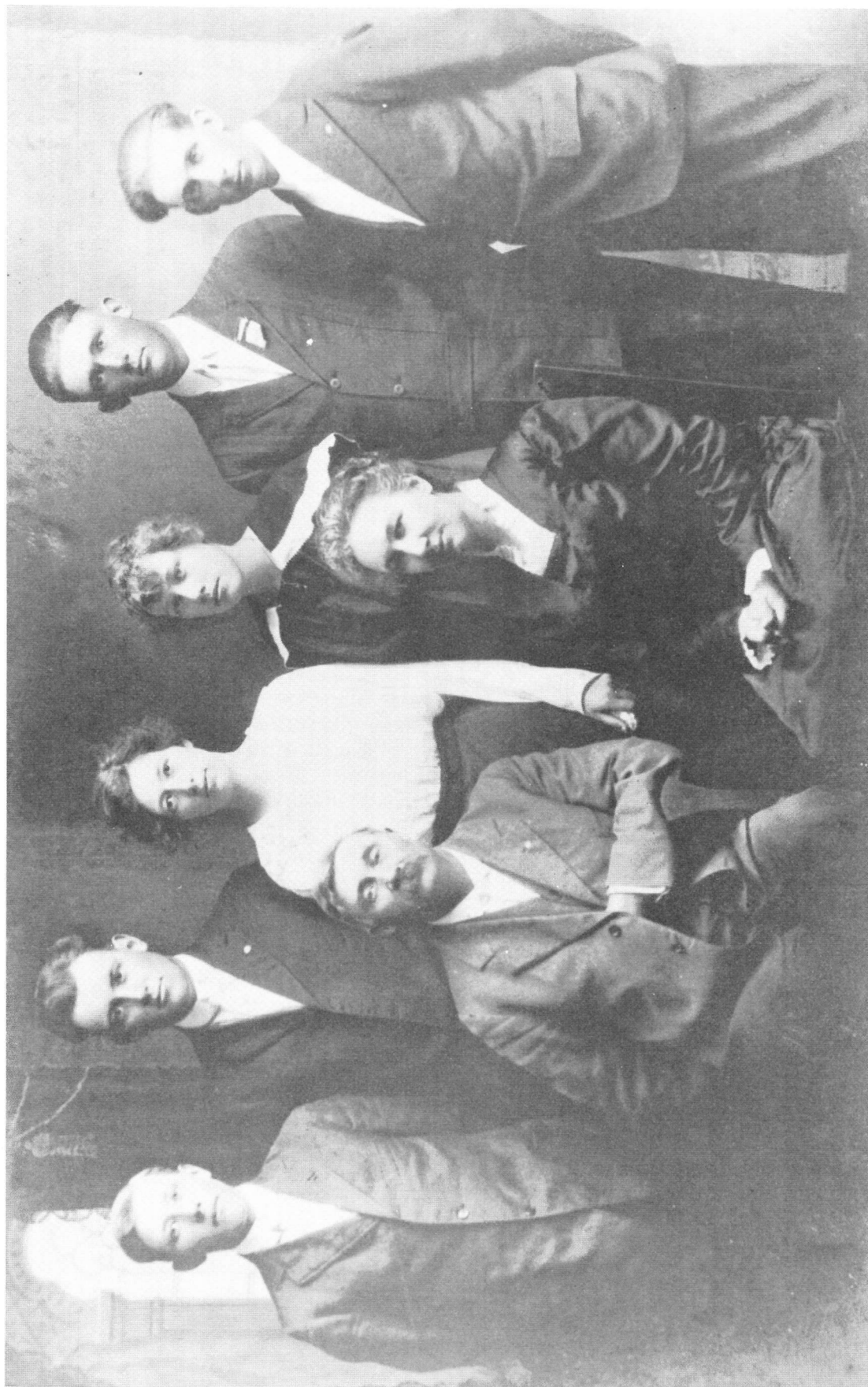
In 1915, when Lloyd was about 19 years old, he rode out into the country on his motorcycle, trying to see how fast it would go. He had it up to about 100 mph, he said, when a horse and buggy appeared before him from a crossroad.

He was thrown through the buggy like a bullet, landing about 170 feet down the road, badly injured and bleeding. He had a great gash in his stomach, his right leg was twisted "like a piece of rope", his left shoulder bone was broken, the fingers on his right hand bent backwards. He was in shock, not feeling the pain. A young woman came and managed to use his belt as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding, and a touring car happened by and took him to the hospital in Brookings.

The doctor did not think he would live. They got the bleeding stopped, cleaned the wounds, set the shoulder and hand, but they didn't do much to the leg as it was so badly



*Elmer, Lloyd and Alton Bentsen, rear. Laurel, Edna and Dietz, front.
About 1912.*



*The Bentsen Family. About 1915.
Dietz, Lloyd, Edna, Laurel, Elmer and Alton, rear; Peter and Tena, seated.*

mangled and his life was hanging in the balance.

Later, when it appeared that he might live, they attempted to straighten and set the leg. They wired the pieces of bone together, but for weeks, splinters of the shattered shinbone worked their way to the surface. The doctors kept his leg in traction, and he lay that way for months.

He convinced his father to measure the leg one day when he was there visiting, and they discovered it was three inches shorter than the other one.

They decided to go to Mayo Clinic in Minneapolis, to see if there wasn't something that could be done, because Lloyd was not willing to go through life with one leg three inches shorter than the other one.

The doctors at Mayo's suggested a brand new procedure as the only alternative; a bone graft. But, they could not assure him that it would be successful, and if it failed, he stood the chance of losing the knee joint as well as the leg.

The surgery went well, and was remarkably successful. The graft took, secured by a silver plate attached to the ankle bone, and the other end to the bone just below the knee. Recovery took the better part of a year, but he left the hospital walking with a cane.

The German language that Grandpa had learned when he first came to the U.S., came in handy on the farm, when two men came to buy some young pigs. Grandpa had the only piglets left to be sold, and the men had a contract to fill, calling for a rail carload of pigs to be shipped; and they were short of the load. The men needed Grandpa's pigs, and thought that he was not aware of his position.

After some bargaining, one of the men turned to the other, and said in German, "we don't have to pay him what he is asking . . . this old fool doesn't have any idea that he has the only pigs in the area. Offer him less!" They had no idea he could understand every word they said! He quadrupled his price, and they had to pay it or lose the entire contract, and they couldn't afford to do that.

(This story was on Uncle Lloyd's mind in 1980, when almost identical circumstances presented themselves in a grain deal, with buyers from Mexico who didn't realize that he understood Spanish, as they talked between

themselves. At that time, he had the only grain for sale in South Texas, and these men desperately needed to buy it. He said he was thinking about his dad and the pig deal, while the Mexicans were talking over what they would offer him for his grain.)

In 1916, Edna married Roy Sloan, of Brookings. They were married in the home of her family, and set up housekeeping on Roy's farm, near Brookings.

Alton and Blanche Tompkins, from White, were married in 1917, and they set up housekeeping on a farm nearby, at White.

World War I had begun, and the young men were all seized by a feeling of patriotism and the desire to fight for their country. Farmers and heads of households were needed at home to produce food for the country, so Alton and Edna's husband, Roy, were not eligible for military service; and Dietz was too young.

Elmer joined the United States Navy, and spent the war years as helmsman aboard the battleship, USS Texas.

Lloyd wanted to join the Army Air Corps, but because he was still using a cane, the recruiters weren't very interested in him! He visited every recruiting office he could find, pleading his case. And he worked on getting rid of his cane.

One day he went into the recruiting office in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and found the recruiting sergeant drunk, and mad at "the system". He agreed to let Lloyd enlist, and even volunteered to assign him to the Air Force! "Can you do that?", Lloyd asked. In his drunken state, the fellow said "Hell yes, I can do anything I want to!", and he gave him train tickets, and told him the train was leaving in one hour.

Lloyd couldn't let this chance pass him by, so he found a telephone and called his father to tell him he was leaving, that his jalopy was at the train station, and "tell Mom goodbye . . .".

Luck and ingenuity stayed with him and he was able to parlay himself into duty as the mechanic and rear seat rifleman for Colonel Rhinehart, of "Rhinehart's Flying Circus". This was a travelling group that was touring the country, showing the new-fangled airplane to the populace.

The engine on the plane began acting up, and Lloyd, a pretty good mechanic, hadn't been able to fix it. They landed at Scott Field, Illinois, and Lloyd asked for the best mechanic available to help him discover what the problem was, and soon heard that Danish broque . . .

"What the hell are you doing here?" Magnus said as he walked up to greet him.

He started tinkering around with the engine, and did manage to find the trouble, and got it fixed. But, he said they should take it up for a test ride before he could release the plane to leave again. So, Magnus and Lloyd climbed into the plane, and took it up.

Lloyd said that Magnus took the plane up very high, and then dove it straight toward the ground . . . pulling it out of the dive sharply, as they approached the ground. He pulled back so hard on the stick that Lloyd heard the wings "pop" as they came out of the dive . . . and UP they went again. Three times Magnus pulled that stunt, and Lloyd yelled "what the hell are you trying to do?" Magnus looked at him and said "I have to make sure that this plane is safe enough for 'Mama's Darling'!"

Colonel Rhinehart got orders for overseas, and hoped to take Lloyd with him. "With my flying and your shooting, we'll have the Germans out of the sky in no time!" But, mechanics were too hard to come by, and his request to take young Bentsen with him was denied. He pulled strings, and managed to get him into Aviation Ground School, at Princeton University as a farewell gesture.

Lloyd arrived to discover that practically all the other men there were college graduates. When asked what school he was from, he replied "the college of hard knocks", and that he just wanted a chance to fight for his country. His enthusiasm appealed to his classmates, and they took it upon themselves to tutor him so that he could pass the course.

It was a sixteen week course, and Lloyd said he did *nothing* for the entire time but study and cram, being tutored by the fellow in the class that was best in each particular subject. And, he passed. In fact . . . he finished at the top of his class!

There were only two fellows who had ever completed the Aviation Ground School without college degrees. One was Lloyd Bentsen.

The other was the flying ace, Eddie Rickenbacker, in an earlier class.

By the time graduation came, the war was over, and Lloyd never did get to go overseas to fight for his country, as he wished.

During this time, Grandpa had been troubled with an abcess of the throat that was slow to heal. He finally went to Mayo Clinic for treatment. He came home to tell Grandma that the doctors there had recommended that he leave the harsh winters of South Dakota, and move south, for his health. Grandma and Aunt Laurel suspected that he might have encouraged the doctors to give him that advice, since it fit in so nicely with his dream of moving to Texas.

What could they say? Grandma and Grandpa decided to make the move. Laurel was heart-broken, for it meant that she had to leave behind a very special boyfriend, her long time friends and the only home she had ever known. Grandma was sad, too, to leave Edna and Roy, Alton and Blanche, Dietz, and the rest of her family, and start all over again. But, Pete's health, and his dream, were very important to her and so she did not complain.

On November 5, 1918, Pete, Tena and Laurel Bentsen left their South Dakota home, enroute to the Rio Grande Valley, in Texas.

After stopping for a family lunch at the home of Edna and Roy Sloan in Brookings, the Bentsen's started out. It was a lonesome and sad leave-taking.

The weather didn't cooperate. It had been raining, and the roads were awful . . . *mud!* The car was not working well, and so it was late when they arrived at Sioux Falls, for their first stop.

Laurel wrote in her diary that this was the first time she had been called upon to order from a menu in a cafe. She didn't want to appear dumb, she said, so "I ordered squash only. The waitress brought me a large half of squash. They all really laughed at me, but I just pretended that I really did like squash."

Almost daily, her diary records trouble with the car, having to stop at the garage for repairs, and more *mud!* It had rained a good bit, and the roads were really slushy mud. They had to cross rivers by ferry boat, because there weren't bridges to drive across on.

Early in the morning of November 11th, they were awakened by whistles blowing and

bells ringing, and then people shouting. At first they thought there had been a fire, but then they learned that Germany had surrendered, and World War I was over!

They started out again on their trip, and in each town they went through, flags were flying and people were celebrating the end of the war.

As they travelled South, in Kansas, they found a good stretch of road, and Grandpa decided to make some time . . . he got the car up to about fifty miles per hour. They struck some ruts in the road, and the car was thrown into the ditch, half-full of water, and muddy. They climbed out over the top of the car, and found the car stuck over the hubs on the wheels, and as they watched, it was sinking in deeper, just about to tip over on its side!

They were rescued by a man with a team of horses, who stopped and was able to pull the car out of the ditch. They got on their way again, "only not so fast."

They got as far as Salina, Kansas that night, and "it sure was a noisy place. It was hardly safe to be on the streets, the way the cars were racing back and forth, with tin cans tied behind so as to make noise. Papa was up town in the evening and he said they had a beautiful parade." The celebration lasted nearly all night long.

On they went, through some pretty desolate country in Oklahoma. Right in the middle of this open country, they came upon a country store, and stopped to have lunch. The store owner had nothing to offer them except peanut butter and crackers, and they decided to drive on. But, Grandpa asked for a drink of water, was given a glassful, and charged a nickel for it.

Further on they came to Randlett, Oklahoma, and saw a sign saying "Short Order", and it looked quite clean. So they stopped for lunch. Grandma "ordered sandwiches and coffee, but the lady said they didn't have anything to make sandwiches out of, so she ordered bread and butter. Papa and I ordered the mince pie and coffee. First of all, the coffee was so strong you could stand up on it, and then the cream was sour, but of the pie . . . I can taste it yet! It was terrible! I took one bite, and then looked at Papa, and he looked at me. I laughed right out loud; I couldn't help it! The pie was terrible. All it

lacked was seasoning, sugar, baking, besides everything else that makes mince pie. I only ate one bite, but that lasted me until supper."

They crossed into Texas on a wooden toll bridge over the Red River, and then drove through the land of oil wells, "as close together as they could stand."

They continued to have problems with the car, and had to stop again and again to have repairs made, but then would press on.

In Waco, Texas, they called Earl Minier, a friend from South Dakota, who was stationed there. He took them to the Army Base for dinner, and Laurel said "it was sure fine. We hadn't enjoyed a meal on our whole trip like we did that one." To see a familiar face again was comforting, as well.

Enroute to Austin the following day, they stopped and watched the airplanes for awhile; still a very new sight. The countryside was beautiful, and they enjoyed the drive to Austin, arriving just about lunch time.

The afternoon was spent getting the ampmeter on the car worked on, but after starting out toward San Antonio that evening, they discovered that it still wasn't working properly, and they had to turn around and go back for more work. They got charged again for the additional work, and it still was not working properly!

Grandpa decided to wait and drive on to San Antonio during the daylight hours, where they had to put the car in the garage again.

They did do some sightseeing in San Antonio, while the car was being cared for. They visited the Buckhorn Saloon, famous for its collection of stuffed animals and different varieties of animal horns; then the Alamo, built in 1716; then they took a tour of Breckenridge Park and Zoo, and through two of the old Spanish Missions. Laurel said of the City: "San Antonio is the worst town I ever saw. The streets are so awful narrow, and there isn't a straight street in the whole town! It was a pretty place though."

The next day took them through brush country on an old Indian Trail, to Sinton and on to Kingsville. The weather was cold and rainy, and the roads were poor. They were told that they could not possibly drive across the sand dunes, and would have to ship the car by rail as far as Raymondville, which they did.

On November 22, 1918, Peter, Tena and Laurel Bentsen arrived in McAllen, Texas. It had taken them seventeen days to travel sixteen hundred and seventy-five miles. They were relieved and happy to have arrived in the Rio Grande Valley, at last!

They were unable to find a house or rooms to rent in McAllen, so after several days of looking, Grandpa and Grandma rented a house in Mission.

Laurel's diary continued: "It seemed funny for us to get to work again. We had to buy a cot for me to sleep on. I sure like our house just fine. While the folks were down town buying supplies, a Mexican girl came to clean the house. At first I was scared of her, but she could understand the US pretty good, so I didn't mind her too much. When she left, she came and said goodbye just as nice as you please. . . . It sure is a dandy place. Electric lights and water through the house."

They were happy to be getting settled into a home of their own again, and had been to visit people in the community, some they had known before . . . the Hortnesses, Robinsons, Bullises, Jensens; and then out to the Clubhouse to see Mrs. Shary's deer.

Grandpa worked as a land agent for John H. Shary, showing prospective buyers around the Valley and telling them of its potential.

The land he had bought in 1914 was in Sharyland, two miles north of the highway, on a road now named "Bentsen Road". He and Grandma began making plans to build their permanent home on this property.

There was no Presbyterian Church in Mission when they arrived, so they joined the First Methodist Church and continued their long habit of being active members of the congregation and strong supporters of their church.

And, they encouraged the other members of the family to come down and join them in South Texas. Grandpa was sure that his faith in this country was justified.

He began his own citrus nursery, planting and nurturing the seedlings until they were strong enough to be planted in the citrus orchards. Because he was able to see the potential for the infant citrus industry in the Valley, he became one of the early pioneers in its development.

Lloyd and Elmer both came to the Valley as soon as each of them was discharged from the

military service. They started out working with their father in his nursery business, and by taking jobs with other growers to earn money . . . hoping to buy land of their own as soon as they could.

They found time for pleasure, as well . . .

Lloyd saw a pretty young lady walking down the street in Mission, in her Red Cross Uniform, and gave her his snappiest salute, which she ignored! She wasn't taken with soldiers, and really just was not interested.

He asked around, and discovered that she sang in the choir in the Baptist Church, and found a friend who attended that church, and managed to meet Edna Ruth Colbath, and convince her to date him.

Elmer found Miss Marie Jenny Nessen. She was working as a secretary at Fort Ringgold, out by Rio Grande City, but came to town on weekends. They, too, began to date and fall in love.

Laurel met a fellow named Clark Watkins Norton in Mission. He came from a big, warm, Southern family.

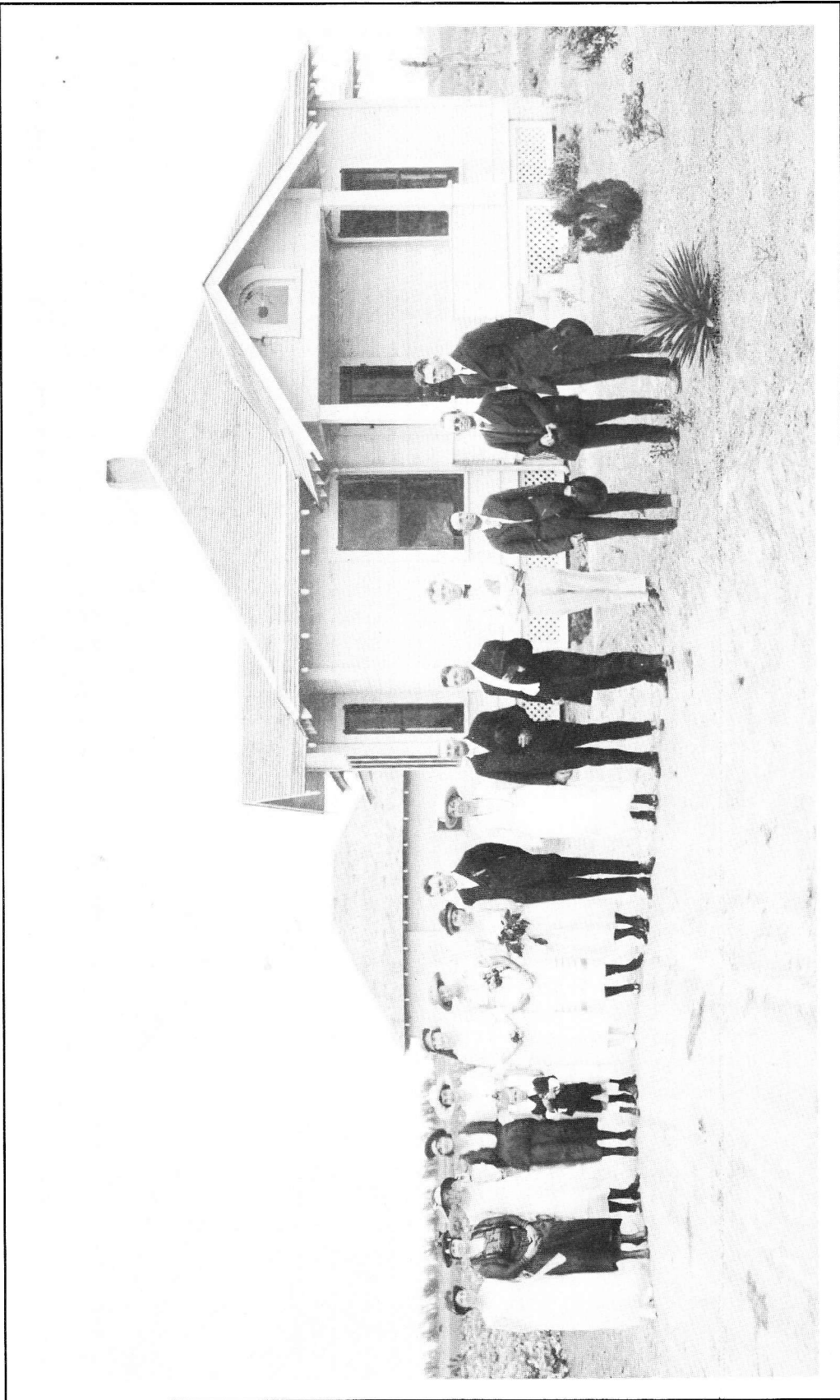
In March, 1920, Lloyd and Edna got married, with \$1.50 as their total financial worth. In November, 1920, Elmer and Marie were married, with about the same amount of money!

Dietz had been left in South Dakota with Alton and Blanche, to help on their farm. But, it wasn't too long after the folks left that Alton "sent him to Texas, because I couldn't control him!" Dietz chuckled when I asked him about that, and said, "well, I was just a young fellow and feeling my oats, and my friends and I just enjoyed going to town on Saturday nights and having fun!"

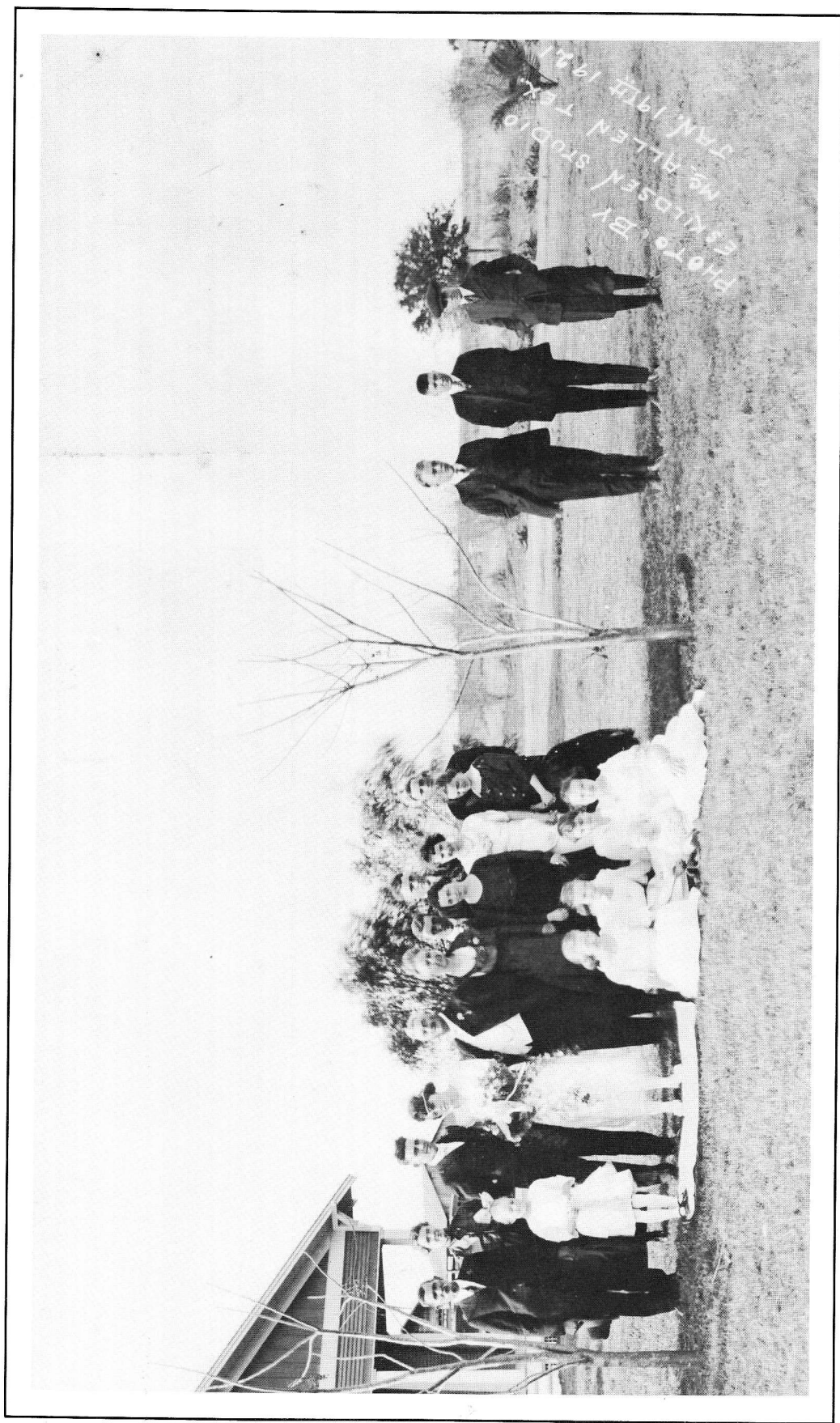
By the end of 1920, Alton and Blanche had decided that they would move south, too. They came to Mission, with their young son, Marion, and found a piece of land on Taylor Road, not far from Grandma and Grandpa's place.

The Peter Bentsen's were at home on Bentsen Road in time for Laurel and Clark to be married there in January, 1921.

All the family, with the exception of Edna and Roy Sloan and their children, were now living in the Valley. The Sloans came down to visit, and to see what the Valley had to offer, but they were not ready to leave South Dakota. Roy was doing well with his farming,



*Lloyd and Edna Bentsen Wedding.
March, 1920.*

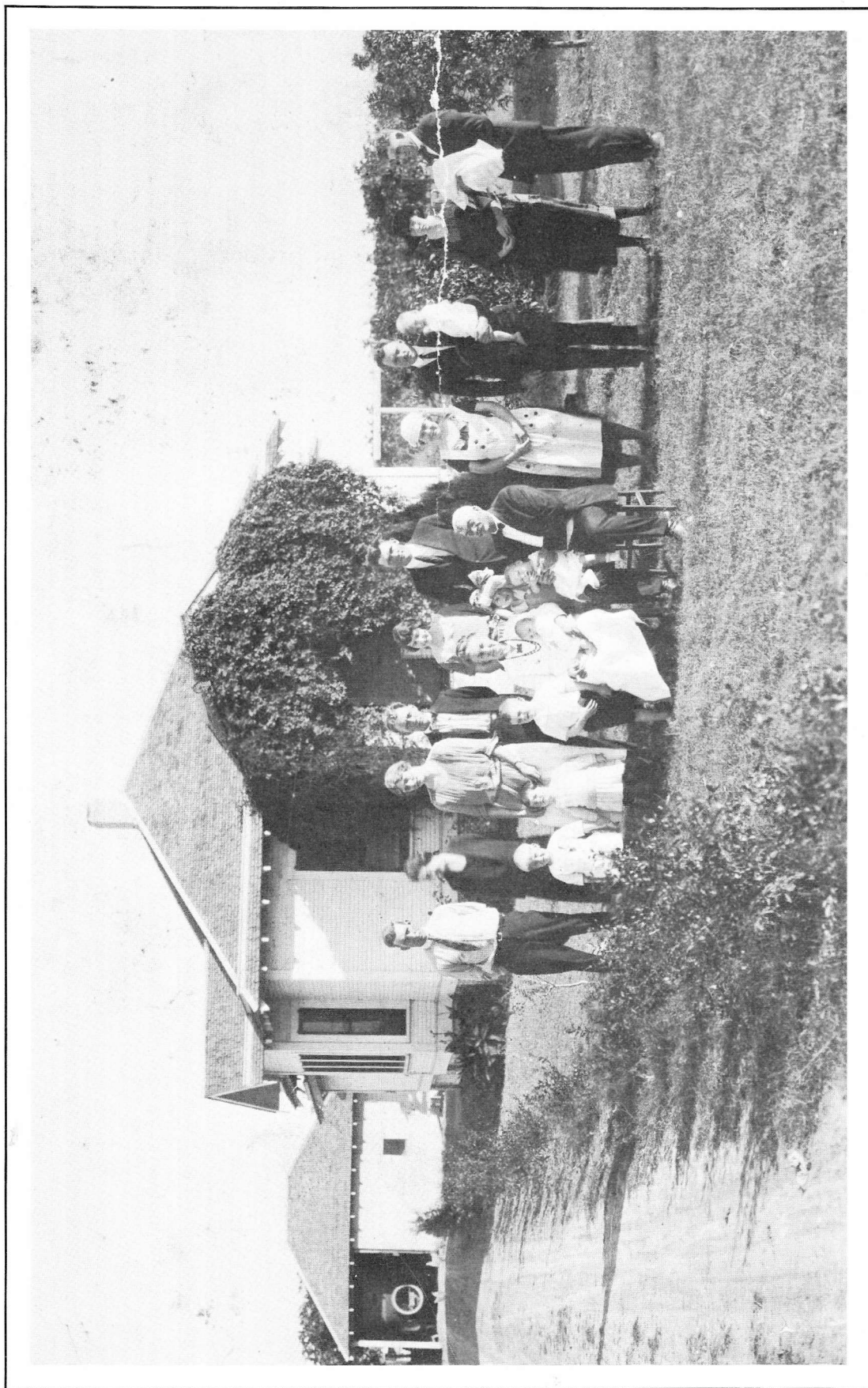


*Laurel and Clark Norton Wedding.
January 19, 1921.*



Home and family of Peter Bentsen, May 14, 1922.

Left to right: Clark and Laurel Norton, Alton and Blanche, Lloyd and Edna, Peter and Tena, Dietz, Marie and Elmer holding Ted. Standing on chairs in front: Marion and Lloyd II.



The Bentsen Family, December 3, 1922.

Back, left to right: Alton, Blanche, Edna Sloan, Dietz, Marie, Elmer, Edna, Lloyd M. holding Cleo. Front, left to right: Marion, Margaret, Lloyd, Tena holding Stanley, Rachel Sloan and Peter holding Ted.

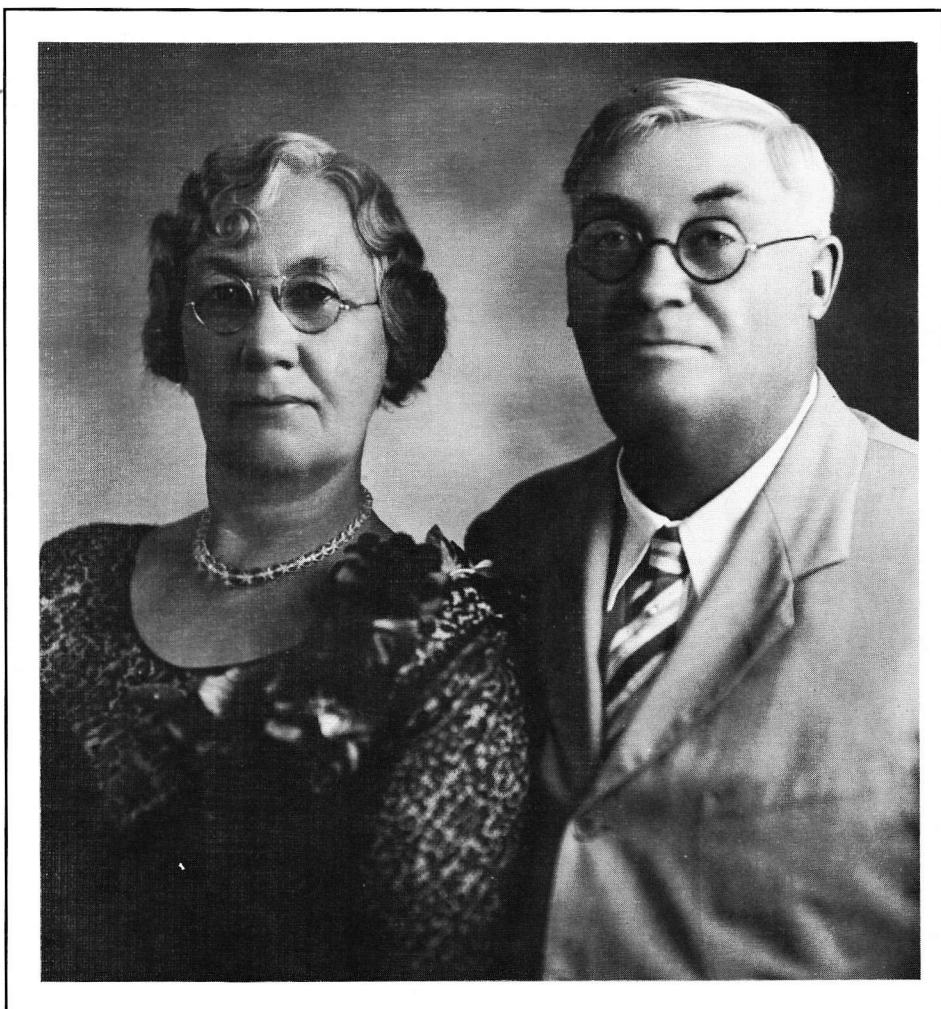


The Peter Bentzen Home and Family

Dec. 27, 1925

The Peter Bentzen Home and Family, December 27, 1925

Back, left to right: Blanche holding Tom, Alton holding Robert, Roy Sloan, Edna, Elmer holding Calvin, Marie, Peter, Tena, Edna, Lloyd M. holding Don, Laurel, Clark holding Dale, Ruth and Dietz holding Neil. Front, left to right: Marion, Stan, Lloyd, Margaret, Rachel, Ted, Hannah Petersen "Mor," Lloyd, Jr. and Cleo.



*Peter and Tena Bentsen
Mission, Texas
about 1930*

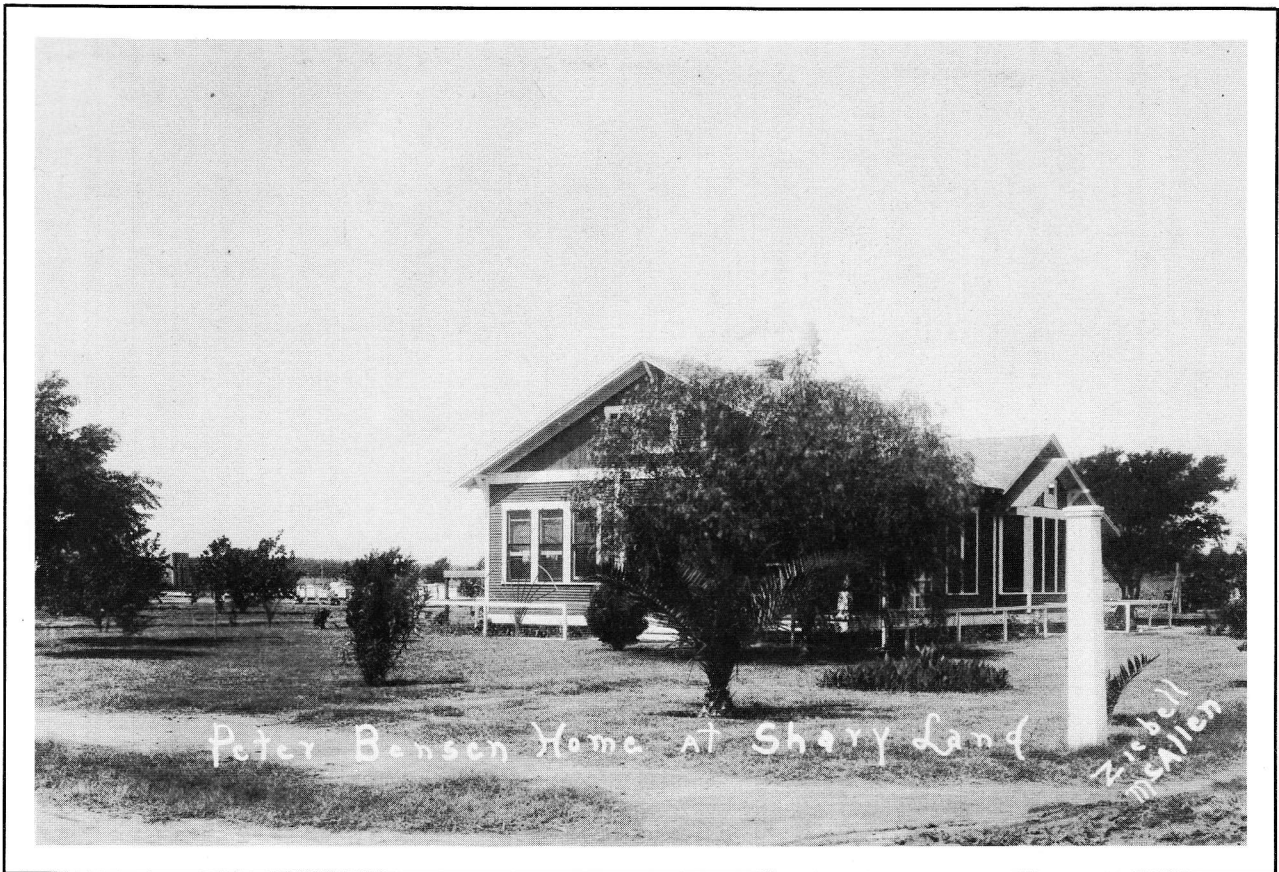
MR. AND MRS. PETER BENTSEN

Peter Bentsen, who has been a resident of Hidalgo County for several years, has been accounted one of the leading, influential, and progressive horticulturists, financiers and business men. Those who achieve the most satisfactory results are those who have gained their position in life through diligence and thoroughness in all things, and of this class Mr. Bentsen is an excellent type.

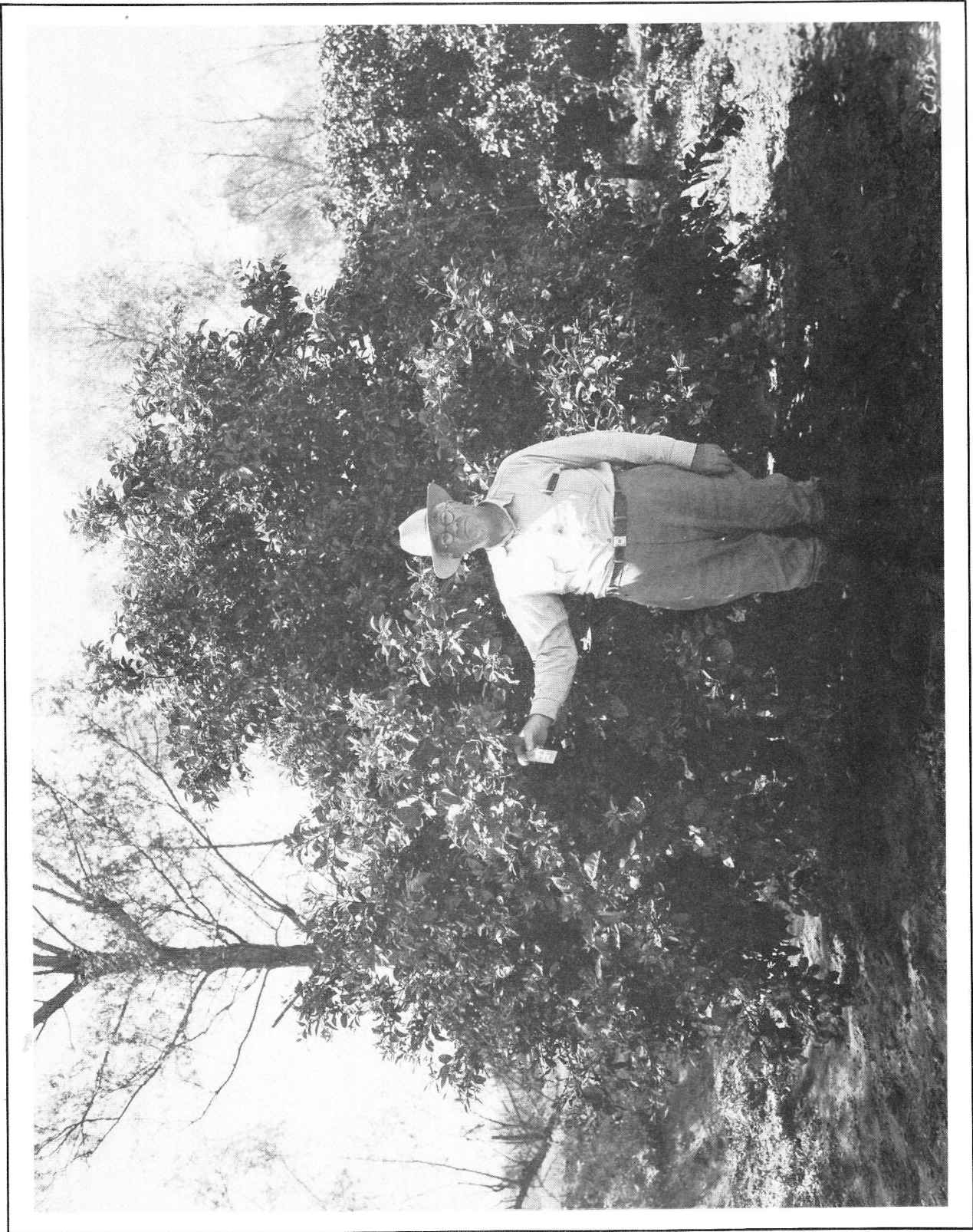
Mr. Bentsen has been active in the development of Sharyland and a sharer in the prosperity unfolded by the zeal and enterprise of its tireless workers, a witness and participant in the wonderful changes which have transformed this section of the Valley from an unproductive, valueless waste into one of the most fertile and valuable sections in the world. No one has better maintained the personal honor and public spirited characteristics of the class of pioneers, or more forcibly and persistently projected the usefulness of his family into a later and more progressive period than has this highly esteemed man, Peter Bentsen, and his wife, who is the highest type of womanhood.

Peter Bentsen was born in Denmark, and was educated in his native land. He was married to Miss Tena Peterson at Brookings, South Dakota, November 26, 1889. He is the father of six children, and with the exception of one daughter all are located here and all are influential citizens.

Mr. Bentsen came to the Valley in November, 1918, and is the owner of valuable citrus orchards, as well as city property in Mission. He is widely known as one of our most successful nurserymen. He is a member of the First Methodist Church in Mission and of several fraternal orders, and also boasts of being the grandfather of nineteen children.



The Peter Bentsen home, located 2¼ miles North Bentsen Road, in Sharyland; between Mission and McAllen, Texas.



Peter Bentsen

and his family were pioneers in Brookings, South Dakota. His roots were deep there.

The youngest Bentsen, Dietz, met his special young lady, Oma Ruth Hudgins, in 1924. She was beautiful, and they fell very much in love. Dietz gave her a tiny "key to my heart", and took her home to meet his family. (In 1984, he carries that key on his key ring.)

"Mor", Great-grandma Hanne, was now living in Mission, with Grandma and Grandpa Bentsen. She was quite elderly, and her health was failing. Grandma felt that she could give her mother the love and care that she deserved and needed, so she had gone to South Dakota and brought Mor back to Texas with her, in 1924.

When Dietz took Ruth in to meet his grandmother, Mor looked her over, and said, in her Danish brogue, "Yah . . . she'll do."

Dietz and Ruth were married in Brownsville, Texas on January 14, 1925, and made their home in Mission.

As each of the Bentsen young folks married, they began to do some serious thinking and planning on the best way to make their fortunes. It was at this time that Bentsen Brothers Development Company began to take shape, at least in dreams. The "Boys" were working for other people, clearing brush land to develop it into orchards; and thinking they should be doing that for themselves!

Grandpa had left his job with Shary, devoting his time to caring and managing his own citrus orchards and the citrus nursery.

He had added to his holdings, eventually owning over 2000 acres, and he was working to improve the quality of the fruit grown in the Valley.

Alton was managing his own orchard, and had begun doing grove care.

Lloyd and Elmer formed a partnership, and, operating on borrowed money, hard work and long hours, they began to buy raw land to be cleared, planted to citrus, and then sold. As each grove sold, that money was put back into the business to buy more land, and start the process over again.

When Bentsen Brothers Development Co. first got its start, Lloyd remembers that he worked a full day and longer at the office, grabbed a bite to eat for supper, went to the Shary railhead, where he loaded produce until

midnight or after; and then began again the next day.

As soon as they were able, they got their own clubhouse, and began sending their agents north, to bring down prospective buyers; much as the Shary operation that brought Grandpa Bentsen to the Valley some years earlier.

Mor continued to be in ill health, and finally, on September 13, 1930, she died. After funeral services in the Valley, Grandma and Grandpa Bentsen took her back to Peever, South Dakota, to be buried beside her husband, Anton; her mother, Nicoline; and her daughter, Laura.

A great drought had hit the United States, and farming in the entire midwest was very risky. Each year's problems only added to the problems of the year before. By 1933, it became impossible to make a living from the farm, and Roy and Edna Sloan reluctantly decided to sell out, and move to Texas with their six children.

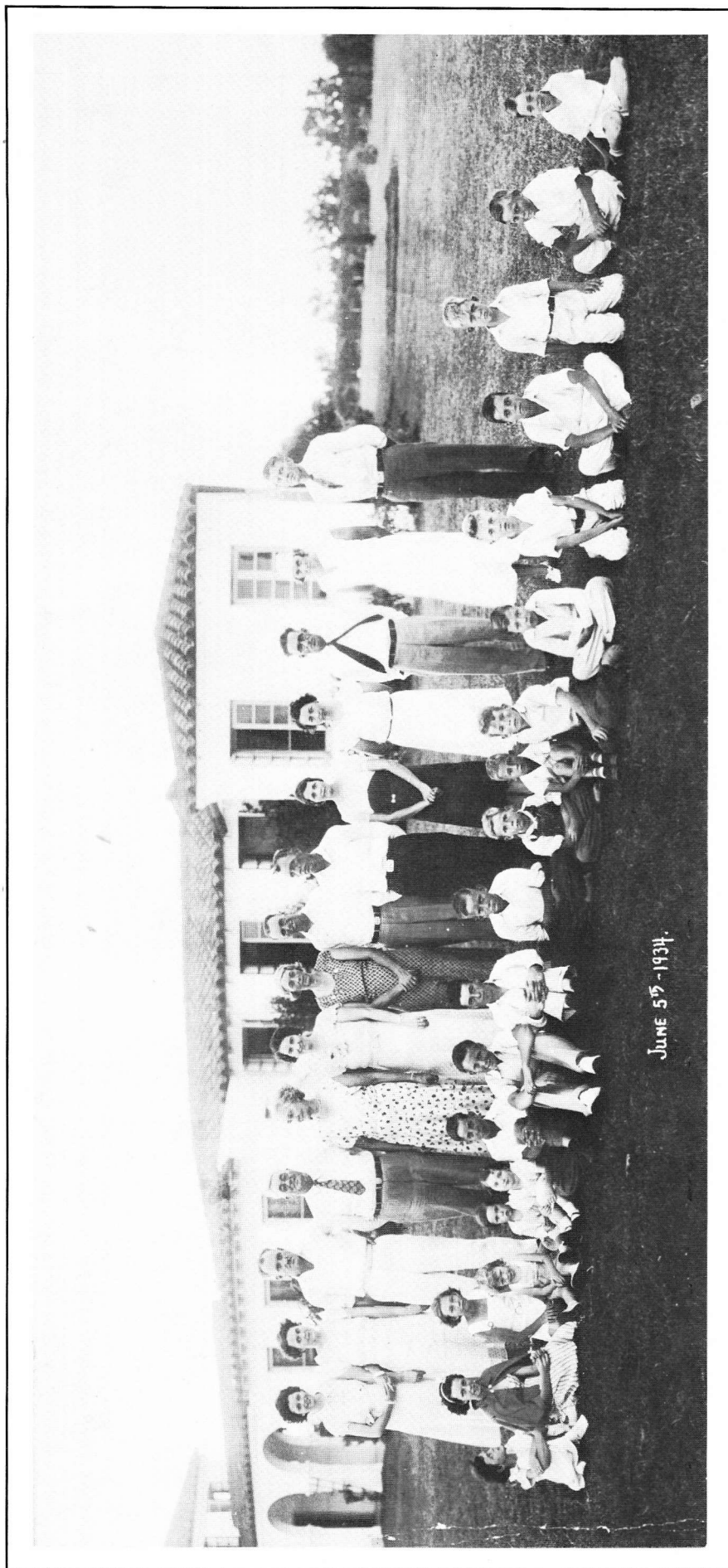
When my family arrived in the Valley, we stayed with Grandpa and Grandma Bentsen, while arrangements for a house to live in were being made.

Grandpa and Grandma had built a frame house with two bedrooms, bath, living room, dining room, large kitchen looking out on a sun porch. The front of the house had a large porch, where a swing hung. They had a large attic that was floored and a nice enough room that Grandma could use it as a cutting room for her sewing. I remember that there were several trunks there, too, belonging to the different families that needed storage space. It was great fun to go up to the attic and look in our family's trunk.

The house was set on the front of their citrus orchard, and had one huge pecan tree in the side yard. Behind the house was the orchard, and the garage and wash-house. At the south edge of the orchard, there were several more pecan trees. On the north side of the property was a smoke house, where meat was cured.

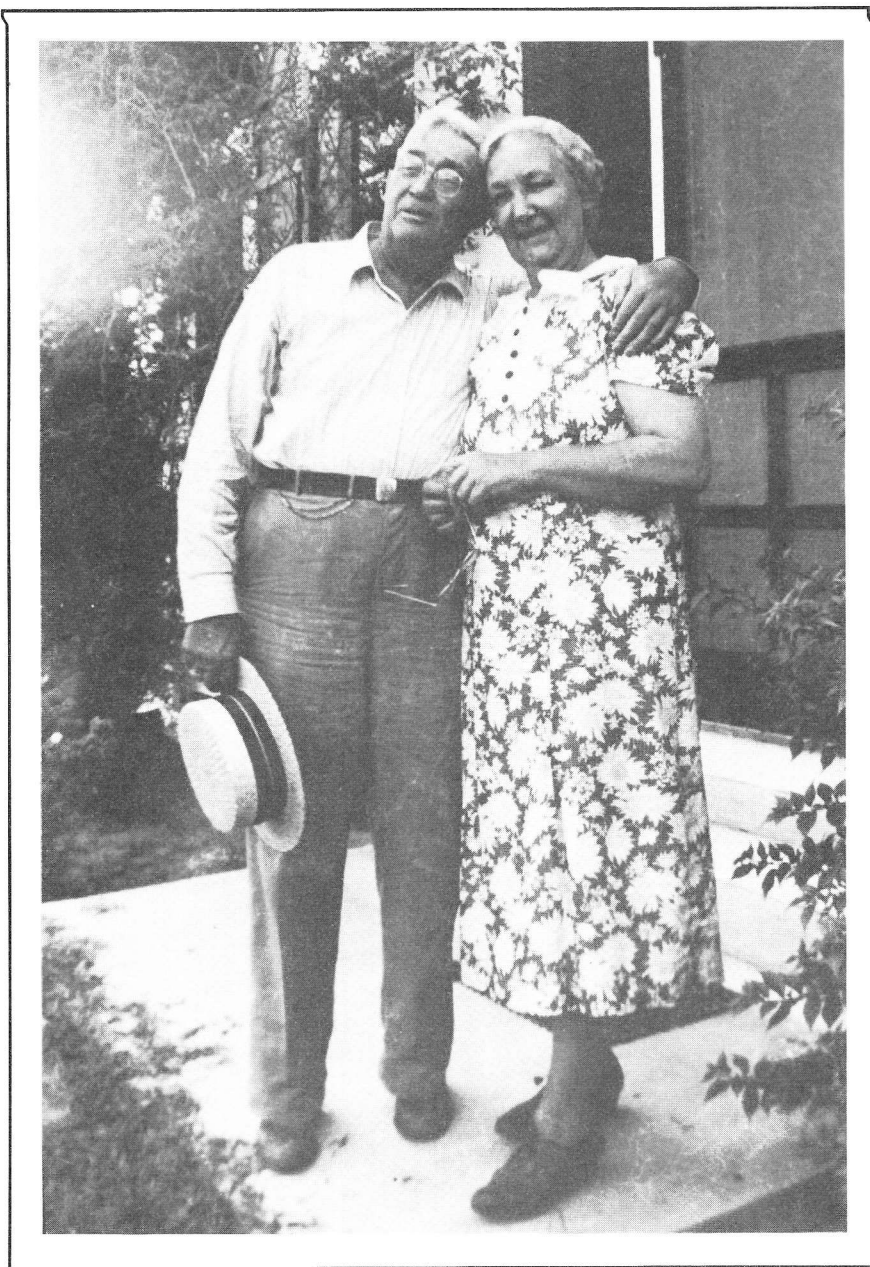
Grandma was a rock collector, and she enjoyed taking walks along the gravel roads, looking for interesting rocks to add to her collection.

She also kept peacocks and peahens, and collected the beautiful tailfeathers that they dropped in the yard, keeping them in an



The Bentsen Family at Lloyd Bentsen's home, June 5, 1934.

Standing: Rachel Sloan, Edna and Lloyd Bentsen, Peter and Tena Bentsen, Marie Bentsen, Edna and Roy Sloan, Dietz and Ruth Bentsen, Blanche and Alton Bentsen, Laurel and Clark Norton. Seated: Helen Sloan, Margaret Sloan, Cleo Norton, Joan Sloan, Betty Bentsen, Rose Marie Bentsen, Marion Bentsen, Lloyd Bentsen Jr., Lloyd Sloan, Ted Bentsen, Kenneth Bentsen, Alan Norton, Calvin Bentsen, Neil Bentsen, Dale Norton, Stan Sloan, Robert Bentsen, Don Bentsen and Tom Bentsen.



*Peter and Tena Bentsen at home, North Bentsen Road, Sharyland,
about 1935.*

umbrella stand in the house. She had a pet canary on the porch, and loved to listen to its song.

All the Bentsen family was living nearby now. The Sloans were waiting for their house to be ready, by the Office on the highway; Alton and Blanche were living in their frame house on Taylor Road; Lloyd and Edna had moved into a new stucco house on the highway between Taylor and Shary; Elmer and Marie had built a brick house just west of Taylor on the highway; Laurel and Clark lived on Shary; and Dietz and Ruth were in Mission.

Just two weeks after the Sloans arrived, the great hurricane of 1933 struck the Valley in all its force. The winds and rainstorms were predicted to be severe, so the family divided up to go stay in the strongest houses; the brick house of Elmer's and the stucco house of Lloyd's.

All night long the storm raged, with trees being uprooted, and anything loose being blown away. The rain came down in torrents. It was very frightening; the water was lapping at the door of the LMB house, where we were staying. No one slept much that night; even the kids were allowed to stay up as long as they could stay awake. It was quite a welcome for the newcomers!

Luckily, no one was hurt. There was a lot of debris to be cleaned up in the days following, but the family was all safe, and their houses all stood.

Soon after, we were able to move into our house, by the Office.

It seems that the whole family was somehow involved with Bentsen Brothers Development Company. Lloyd and Elmer ran the company, promoting the business, buying land, meeting prospects brought down from the north, and making sales. Alton was doing care business, Dietz worked as a mechanic in the shop, making sure the machinery was kept in working order. Dad, Roy Sloan, was in charge of the planting and overseeing the men in the field. Clark Norton worked as an agent at the Clubhouse, showing people around the Valley.

I remember a terrible freeze forecast one winter, not long after we arrived. It was quite possible that all the young trees would be lost, without a great deal of effort, quickly, to protect them.

The whole family was mobilized . . . all the men and boys went to the fields to "bank" the

trees, (put a collar of soil around the roots, to keep them warm), and to build fires to keep the temperature from dropping low enough near the young trees to kill them.

The women were home, making sandwiches and coffee to take out to them for supper. There was such a feeling of family unity, "all for one and one for all", and excitement in the air, coupled with the fear everyone was feeling as the temperature continued to fall.

It got down below freezing, and stayed there long enough to do major damage, but because of the great effort made by the family, the trees in these fields were saved.

The families really enjoyed each other's company and gathered often, to play cards and visit at pot luck suppers, and always for every special occasion.

By the time the last grandchild was born in 1931, the family of Peter and Tena Bentsen consisted of the two of them, their six children and their spouses, and twenty grandchildren.

The men enjoyed hunting and fishing, and went out often during the seasons, taking the next generation along to learn, as they were old enough.

The whole family seemed to be baseball fans, and especially during the World Series games, work stopped, and everyone piled into cars to drive down south on Taylor Road, where the reception on the radio was the best, to listen to the games, keeping their own elaborate score cards.

The kids that were too young to be interested in listening to the radio found games to play nearby, such as hopscotch on the roadway (there was practically no traffic on Taylor Road at that time), or marbles, etc.

All the grandkids attended Sharyland School, with the exception of Neil, who attended school in Mission. The school was ½ mile north on Shary Road, within walking distance for all but the Alton Bentsen family. The whole school had perhaps 150 students, and our family was a good part of that number, with a representation in practically every grade. We often walked to school together, stopping at the next family house along the way, to gather the next little group. It was a very special, close time, and our family members were most often our best friends.

These were golden years for Grandma and Grandpa. All their family lived nearby, and

they could know their grandchildren and enjoy watching them develop. They were comfortably well off financially, and had the time and means to do some travelling together, to South Dakota, to the West Coast . . . They were enjoying life.

Grandpa was even invited to submit his photograph to the movie studios in California, as a "Teddy Roosevelt look-alike"!

In 1936, sadness came, when Aunt Blanche died. She developed an intestinal block; emergency surgery was performed; but she died the following day. Each of us, to the youngest, felt the profound loss of that dear lady, at only 38 years of age.

Uncle Dietz and Aunt Ruth agreed to help Uncle Alton and the boys through this difficult time, and they lived together, so that Aunt Ruth could help fill the void left by Aunt Blanche's death. Neil acquired three "brothers" for awhile.

In 1938, Alton married Frances Leone Walling, of Mission. Leone had been the Home Economics teacher at Sharyland High School, and we all knew her and loved her, even before they were married.

Grandpa Bentsen began to have a series of small strokes. I remember the word would pass "Papa had a stroke", and the family would rush to their house, to await the reports from the doctor. Fortunately, the effects of the strokes were slight at this point, and after a few days, he would be up and around again.

He developed cataracts in his eyes, and about 1940, he went to Scott and White Hospital, in Temple, Texas, to have surgery on one eye.

Grandfather was a strong-willed fellow, and following the doctors' orders was not an easy thing for him to do, especially when he felt good. He just couldn't wait and lie perfectly still, as they required in those days . . . he just had to lift the bandages and peek! Whether or not this had any real effect on the results, the surgery was not successful, and he never regained the sight in that eye. His vision in the other eye was greatly diminished also, and his activity had to be greatly curtailed.

Grandma became "his eyes". She was constantly at his side, giving him whatever assistance he required, while still helping him maintain every ounce of independence possible.

He even drove the car some! Grandma had never learned to drive, but she would sit close to him, giving him directions, to augment his failing eyesight. "Move to the left, Pete, there is something in the road ahead", or "we are about at the corner . . . ok, it's clear to turn", she would say. One must remember that the traffic in those days was not anything like today. There weren't many cars on the road all the time. But it was still a risk-taking accomplishment on both their parts!

They left their home in the country, and moved into Mission, buying a house next door to Laurel and Clark, so they would not be quite so alone. They lived there for several years, as Grandpa's health continued to fail.

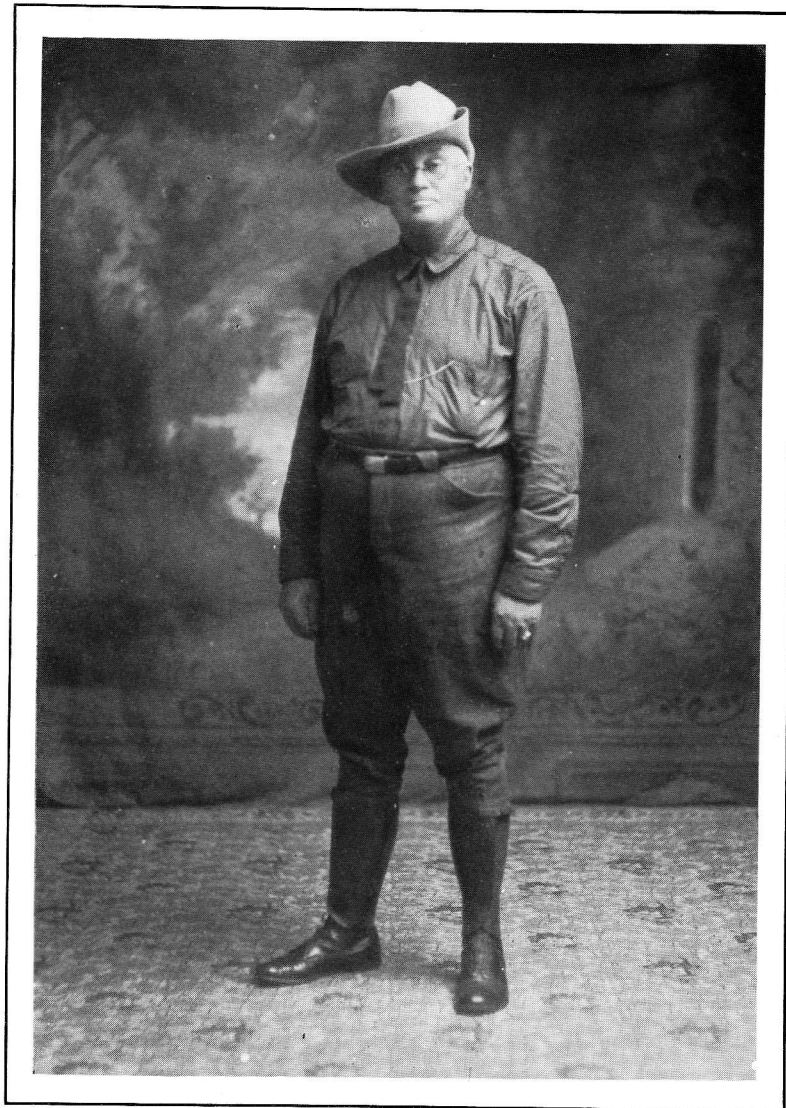
He could still see the dots on dominoes, and the two of them played dominoes by the hour each day, to pass the time that was heavy on his hands. He could see "shadowy", well enough to identify the familiar faces (and voices) as the family and friends came to visit.

In November, 1941, they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. There was a special church service, with the church filled with golden chrysanthemums from their family and friends. Afterwards, all the family and special friends went to the Bentsen Clubhouse on North Ware Road for Thanksgiving Dinner and a time of fellowship.

I remember that Grandpa and Grandma were presented with a Lenox vase; white, decorated with golden lovebirds in pairs; filled with twenty dollar bills! I was really impressed!! (That vase holds a place of honor in my home.)

World War II was upon us, and every grandson of Peter and Tena that was of age, went into the Service. In addition, one granddaughter, Margaret Ann Sloan, joined the United States Navy Nurse Corps. Each family had young people in the war, and with great good luck, they all came home again.

With the country at war, the Government began checking on the non-citizens living within our boundaries very thoroughly. In the massive investigation, they discovered the fact that Grandma had never become a citizen. She had assumed, as I mentioned earlier, that because she was married to a citizen, and because she had lived here since she was just a little girl, that she had become a citizen. She was very hurt, and very embarrassed to learn



*Peter Bentsen
A Teddy Roosevelt look-alike.*



The Bentsen Family, about 1939, at the Alton Bentsen home.



Golden Wedding Celebration, Peter and Tena Bentsen, November 1941.

Peter Bentsens

Note 50th Wedding

MISSION—Affectionate interest of hundreds of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bentsen was claimed Sunday when their golden wedding anniversary was observed. Special recognition was accorded the event at Sunday morning services in the First Methodist Church where the couple attend and in a family dinner at the Bentsen clubhouse at noon. The six children of the couple with their families joined in the observance.

The entire family was seated in reserved pews marked with bouquets of golden-hued chrysanthemums tied with gold satin ribbons.

Rev. Allen G. Roe, pastor of the church, in a brief ceremony which followed the morning service, directed the attention of the congregation to the observance. In pointing out the family pew as an American institution, he emphasized the attendance of the Bentsen family, represented by the four sons, two daughters, their wives and husbands and children. Sixteen of the 20 grandchildren of the couple were present.

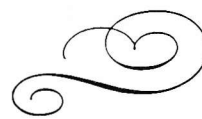
Mrs. J. Bixler represented the Methodist Church in presenting a bouquet of yellow and bronze chrysanthemums to the couple as another part of the observance at the church.

Following the church services, the entire family formed a dinner party at the Bentsen clubhouse. Other guests included Rev. and Mrs. Roe, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Hamner and daughter of McAllen; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Mortensen, of Sioux Falls, S. D. and Harlingen; and J. C. Nelson. Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Bentsen have pioneered in two sections of the country since their marriage in White, S. D., fifty years ago. They lived in that section until 1918 when they came to Mission in 1918, as the Valley was still in a pioneer stage. Both were born in Denmark.



*Peter and Tena Bentsen
Golden Wedding Celebration
November 1941*





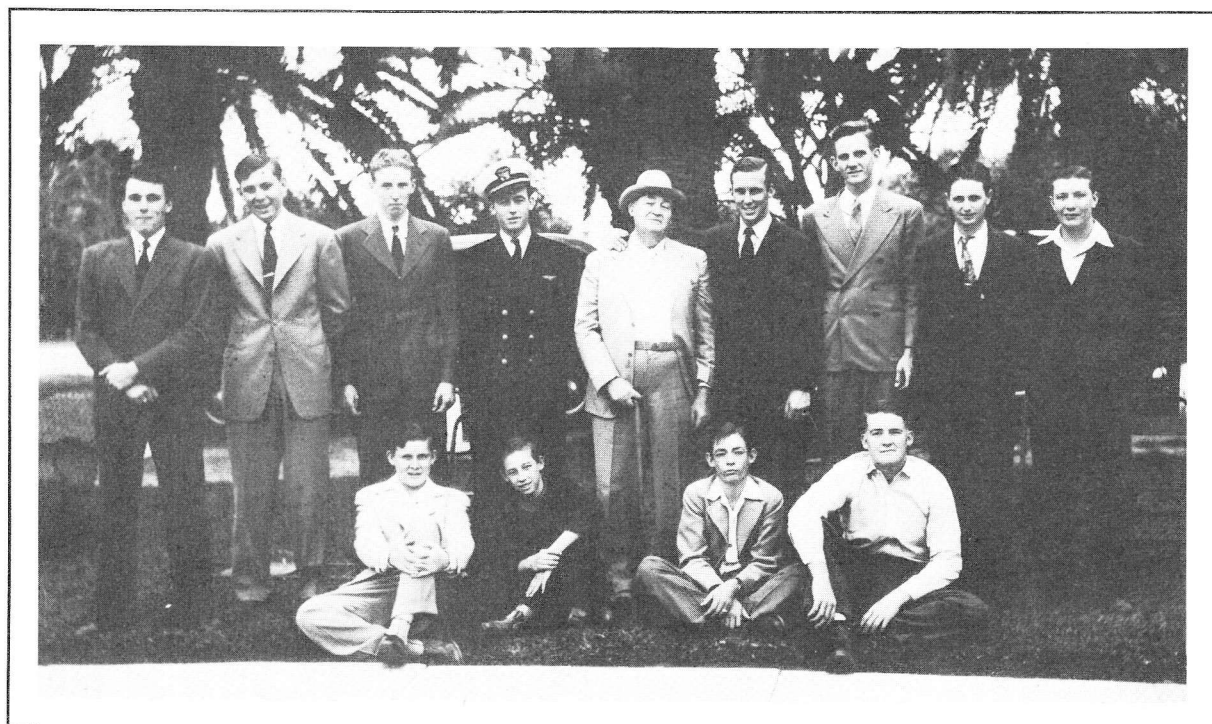
The Bentsen Family. McColl Road Clubhouse, 1942.

Standing: Lloyd Bentsen Jr., Ernest Chaney, Lloyd Sloan, Dietz Bentsen, Stan Sloan, Lloyd Bentsen, Don Bentsen, Clark Norton, Dale Norton, Calvin Bentsen, Neil Bentsen, Roy Sloan, Elmer Bentsen, Ted Bentsen and Alton Bentsen. Second row: Kenneth Bentsen, Ruth Bentsen, Edna Bentsen, Laurel Norton, Peter Bentsen, Tena Bentsen, Edna Sloan, Marie Bentsen, Leone Bentsen and Helen Sloan. First row: Margaret Sloan, Rachel Sloan, Cleo Norton, Betty Bentsen, Joan Sloan, Rose Marie Bentsen, Tom Bentsen and Alan Norton.



The Bentsen Ladies.

A Family Picnic at the McColl Clubhouse, home of Edna and Roy Sloan, 1942.



Peter Bentsen and Grandsons.

that this was not so. She was required, along with every other non-citizen, to register her whereabouts with the United States Post Office on a yearly basis, and it was a painful thing for her to endure. She never again crossed the border into Mexico, next door, because she would have had to show "papers", or lie about where she was born, and she would not lie! She loved this country, and was a better citizen than most of us who have been born to our citizenship.

"The Boys", as Elmer and Lloyd were referred to, had begun to diversify their interests, and their business was growing, their wealth increasing, and on a strong foundation.

Alton and Dietz were pursuing their own interests in other areas, and Roy Sloan and Clark Norton were still working for Bentsen Brothers.

Grandpa continued to suffer from strokes, and failing health, until he finally became bedridden. After a lengthy illness, he passed away on June 10, 1948, at home. He was 78 years and 9 months old. His funeral was held at the First Methodist Church in Mission, attended by a huge crowd of friends. Burial was at Roselawn Cemetery, in McAllen, Texas.

After his death, the family decided that Grandma should not live alone. Lloyd and Elmer built a new house for her on St. Marie Street, in Mission, and Laurel and her family made their home with her there.

Grandma was in remarkably good health. She remained active in the Methodist Church, the Women's Society of Christian Service, the Canasta Club... a group of family and friends who got together weekly to play cards. She was up early every morning, to go outside and water the roses before the heat of the day, and came in to make fresh doughnuts several times a week, to be ready for company that stopped in for a cup of coffee.

She enjoyed her family, and looked forward to their visits. And the family came, singly or in groups, to spend time with her.

I remember the time when my daughter "discovered" her great grandmother. We were home on leave, and Chris was just old enough to walk the three blocks between my parent's house and Grandma's by herself, and so she went daily to spend time visiting with her. Christina was her namesake, and so there was kind of a special bond, and she was just at the

age to really enjoy listening to Grandma's stories, and to learn to do some simple crocheting and "fancy work". It was a very special time for both Great-grandma Tena and Great-granddaughter Christina Johnson.

Grandma *always* had her knitting or crocheting with her, and even when she sat down to visit or to rest, she worked on the project at hand. She could knit the most intricate pattern, counting the stitches as needed, and still keep up with and contribute to any conversation going on. "Idle hands are the devil's workshop" was a motto I heard during my childhood.

Each year, there was a special handmade gift from Tena Bentsen for each of her children and grandchildren at Christmas time. And, as they came along, there was a welcoming gift of bonnet and booties for each great-grandchild.

Grandma was always available to listen to your troubles, and always had very sage and loving advice. She was a warm and loving person, and beloved by all who knew her.

Her health remained good, until she had a disabling stroke in the Spring of 1959. She had gone outside, and Laurel saw that she was having some difficulty. She went to her, and found Grandma "fighting for breath". The doctor was called, and he diagnosed a stroke. She spent some time in the hospital, and then the doctor sent her home to live out her last days in her own home.

She died on June 12, 1959. Her funeral was at her church, First Methodist in Mission, and she was buried beside her beloved husband in McAllen.

Grandma was 90 years and 3 months at the time of her death, and she left six children, twenty grandchildren and forty-nine great-grandchildren.

About a year before her death, Grandma and I had talked about death. My husband was a pilot, overseas, and a plane from his squadron was down. We didn't know if he were involved. She was reassuring me of her belief in life after death, and told me that she was ready to "go join Pete" in the hereafter. She had missed him. She told me that she was thankful for the long life she had lived, and the family she had been given, and that she had been privileged to enjoy them as long as

she had. But now, she was ready to go on, to be with him, and her other loved ones there.

What a love story! Peter and Tena truly loved each other, and demonstrated it for each

of us on a daily basis, as long as they lived together... and she treasured his memory until the end of her life.

Chicken & Dumpling
as I like it - best - &
fixed it - mostly.

Bail chicken until well
done thicken juice
& pour over fresh
baked Baking powder

Bisquit;
have plenty of gravy
& it's all right - to leave
the chicken gravy &
dumplings all together
and serve this way
providing the chicken
was cut up before.
or first - one to the table
might take the chicken.

Tena Bentsen's Chicken and Dumpling Recipe —
in her own handwriting.



Tena Bentsen knitting on the next sweater to add to those displayed on her bed. Grandma was rarely without her knitting needles, which she used to create sweaters for each grandchild and great-grandchild. Often the sweater carried a design of specific interest to its intended recipient. Always the gift came with much love.

From early childhood, Grandma Bentsen knitted and crocheted for her home and family; sweaters, mittens, hats, baby clothing, dresses — crocheted tablecloths, rugs, bedspreads and purses. This lady could, and did, do any kind of intricate knitting and crocheting pattern, beautifully.



Tena and Peter Bentsen
1947



Tena Bentsen
About 1957.

Introducing A Pioneer Citrus Family Of The Valley

By J. C. Montgomery

One of the best reasons for living in the Lower Valley of the Rio Grande is the fine company one may keep, from one end of the place to the other. Every time a trip is made to Mission, or McAllen, or Edinburg, Raymondville, or any other place among the chain of towns, the possibility of seeing one or a dozen particular friends lends a soft note to the necessary business angle of the drive. *That* constitutes the principal link in the chain that binds the hearts of so many loyal Valleyites to their country of golden grapefruit, sunshine, and simple living; for another chief charm of the Valley is the absence of artificial or complex routine in the daily round of life itself.

For ten consecutive years—1921-31—the August issue of MONTY's each year was devoted to as many features of citrus activity as could be accumulated in a month's time, with three or more people working at it. Now, at the end of a two-year interval, the publisher finds a personal citrus survey of the entire Valley advisable, for the purpose of giving out through many important channels authentic information as to major citrus projects and individual activities, opportune at this time. This survey began last month, and MONTY's intends to carry at least one story in each issue (all one person can handle properly) until such time as a return to an annual citrus issue may appear to serve a better purpose.

The very large citrus acreage in the Mission district would seem to justify the slogan, "Mission, the Home of the Grapefruit." Certain it is that those hundreds of growers in that area who visualized an established citrus industry as the backbone of success in the Valley have been justified in their faith. Without exception those growers who have ventured, and whose methods and practices have conformed to high standards, are just now on the verge of real success, with economic freedom in hand rather than in the bush.

It has been the writer's privilege to number as friends and business associates the Bentsen family for some years. The Edna-Lloyd Bentsen home on the Highway, and

the headquarters offices of Bentsen Bros. Inc., and the Mission Development Company, have long been accustomed and favorite stopping places. Some of the most colorful real-stories could be related here that concern various members of the Bentsen clan except for the fact that Bentsen men avoid every vestige of the personal when it comes to publicity. The fact of obtaining permission to publish this article with illustrations is by way of a tribute to the effort MONTY's is making to carry on constructive publicity, a fine concession to Valley welfare.

(Continued on Page 16)



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bentsen, natives of Denmark, who came down to the Valley in 1913 and settled on Sharyland. They are true pioneers in every sense of the word, and with their fine large family may verily be called one of the greatest assets of this entire section.

(Continued on next page)

INTRODUCING A PIONEER—

(Continued from Page 11)

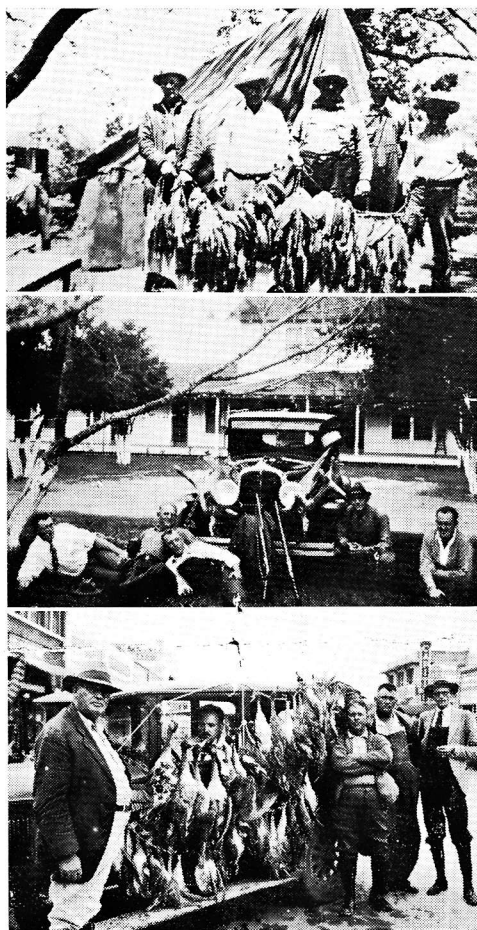
Back there in 1914, in the early stages of Valley history, Peter Bentsen and his wife came down as guests of John H. Shary, the pioneer colonizer and citrus grower of the Valley. At that time the landscape consisted principally of cactus and mesquite, with little to suggest the present beautiful fulfillment of Mr. Shary's vision of thousands of acres of citrus groves. Peter Bentsen having pioneered in South Dakota when

that state was in its infancy was not long in recognizing the potential values of fine climate, fertile soil, and adequate irrigation water supply. As a first investment, he purchased fourteen acres of land, and soon afterwards moved down and began intensive development of the property. This cactus and mesquite patch was soon transformed into a flourishing grapefruit and orange grove, which throughout the years has become one of the outstanding places in this country of lovely homes.

After proving that his faith in the country was justified, he began inducing other members of his family to move down. At the close of the war, Lloyd Bentsen who was an aviator during the world war, and Elmer Bentsen, who served throughout the war on the U. S. S. Texas, were mustered out, and came to the Valley. Upon advice of their father, they entered the citrus field, and their combined efforts resulted in the organization of Bentsen Bros., Inc., a concern that is known to be one of the most substantial and successful Valley citrus projects, owned and operated by the Bentsens exclusively. There are fifteen hundred acres of groves of various ages, planted on choicest citrus soils. The orchard care equipment represents a cost of \$75,000, and is operated by experts in the care of all their own groves, and of those owned by the Mission Development Company, Inc., an affiliated organization which is owned by A. G. and Vastine Buescher and John L. Hill, of Smithville, N. E. Buescher, of McAllen, and the Bentsens.

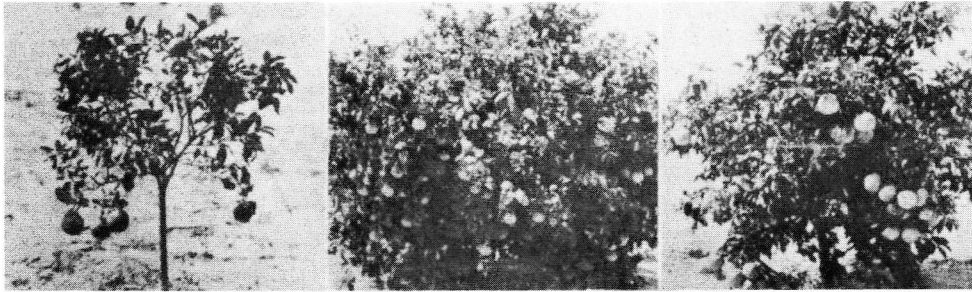
Among other properties, the Mission Development Company owns and is developing the "Pride O' Texas" subdivision, which contains fifteen hundred acres of the world's finest citrus lands. It has underground concrete pipe irrigation, with perfect drainage, and shows results of the fine care habitually given it. Wherever there are Bentsen groves, there are record performance trees, propagated and grown by Bentsens themselves for several tree-generations; and the soil has been hand-picked for air and water drainage, essentials of citrus adaptability. There are no better citrus properties in the Valley.

The Bentsens are more than a family: they are an institution. There are six Bentsen children and as many in-laws, with nineteen grandchildren, all living within



The Bentsen family in toto enjoys hunting and fishing. You see evidences of this in the groups above. The fish scene is in Mexico, on the Alamo River, the deer in front of Bentsen Clubhouse, killed 20 miles northwest of Mission, and the ducks killed at the mouth of the Arroyo Colorado, on the Laguna Madre.

(Continued on next page)



Here are some of the trees—two, three, and four years old, grown from Bentsen Bros. nursery stock. You can see for yourself the evidences of proper bud selection.

two or three miles of each other in the Mission district. All through the family is the ear-mark of a fine heredity, from the two biggest blond Danes down to the youngest grand-daughter. There is a refreshing father-mother deference, rare in these days. Incidentally, Lloyd says "there's a reason—" for seeking and accepting Dad's and Mother's advice: it's good.

While the struggle has been long and strenuous, the Bentsens have preserved the wholesome ideals and habits of life; they are fundamentally family folks. Their children are taught good sportsmanship and clean living. They hunt and fish and play

ball, and their homes are centers of a happy hospitality. If the boys have to run up to Kansas City or over to Memphis on a business trip or on a fishing trip into Old Mexico, they pack the kit bag and the family into the back of the gas buggy and fly so fast they are sometimes "looked over" when they stop for gas at some far distant filling station.

As the Bentsens are on Sunday, so they are on Monday, and every day in the week—a fine fair-toting, straight-shooting, and friendly bunch who will travel along with you all the way.



HONORED AT CHURCH TEA — The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Mission First Methodist Church honored three four-generation groups at the tea held in the church. The four-generation groups include, from left to right, Mrs. Ernest Chaney and Betty Roseann, Mrs. Clark Norton and Mrs. Peter Bentsen, Mrs. Roy Sloan, Mrs. H. R. Bridges and Mollie Marie, form two of the groups; and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Mrs. R. G. Gerner, Mrs. James Wood and Janice Wood, the third group. All are mothers and daughters, no daughters-in-law. (Photo by Barbara Isbell)

Mission Methodist WSCS Has Mother-Daughter Tea

MISSION — The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the First Methodist Church observed "Family Week" by holding a mother-daughter tea at the church. One of the highlights of the afternoon was the introduction of three groups of four generation members of the society.

Mrs. Alton Bentsen welcomed the guests and introduced the four-generation groups. Mrs. C. R. Mitchell, chairman of the hostess circle, presented corsages to Mrs. Peter Bentsen, the mother with the greatest number of years of service; Mrs. R. Yarborough, the youngest mother present; and Mrs. Alex Bokor, the mother with the most children.

Mrs. Peter Bentsen and her two

daughters, Mrs. Clark Norton and Mrs. Roy Sloan; two granddaughters, Mrs. Ernest Chaney and Mrs. H. R. Bridges; and two great-granddaughters, Betty Roseann Chaney and Mollie Marie Bridges, composed two of the three groups. Mrs. Frank Murphy, her daughter Mrs. R. G. Gerner, her granddaughter, Mrs. James Wood, and her great-granddaughter Janice Wood, formed the third group.

The devotion, based on a passage from Proverbs, was led by Mrs. Coy Stevens. Mrs. W. W. Is-ham sang "Mother of Mine" accompanied by Mrs. Ray Firebaugh.

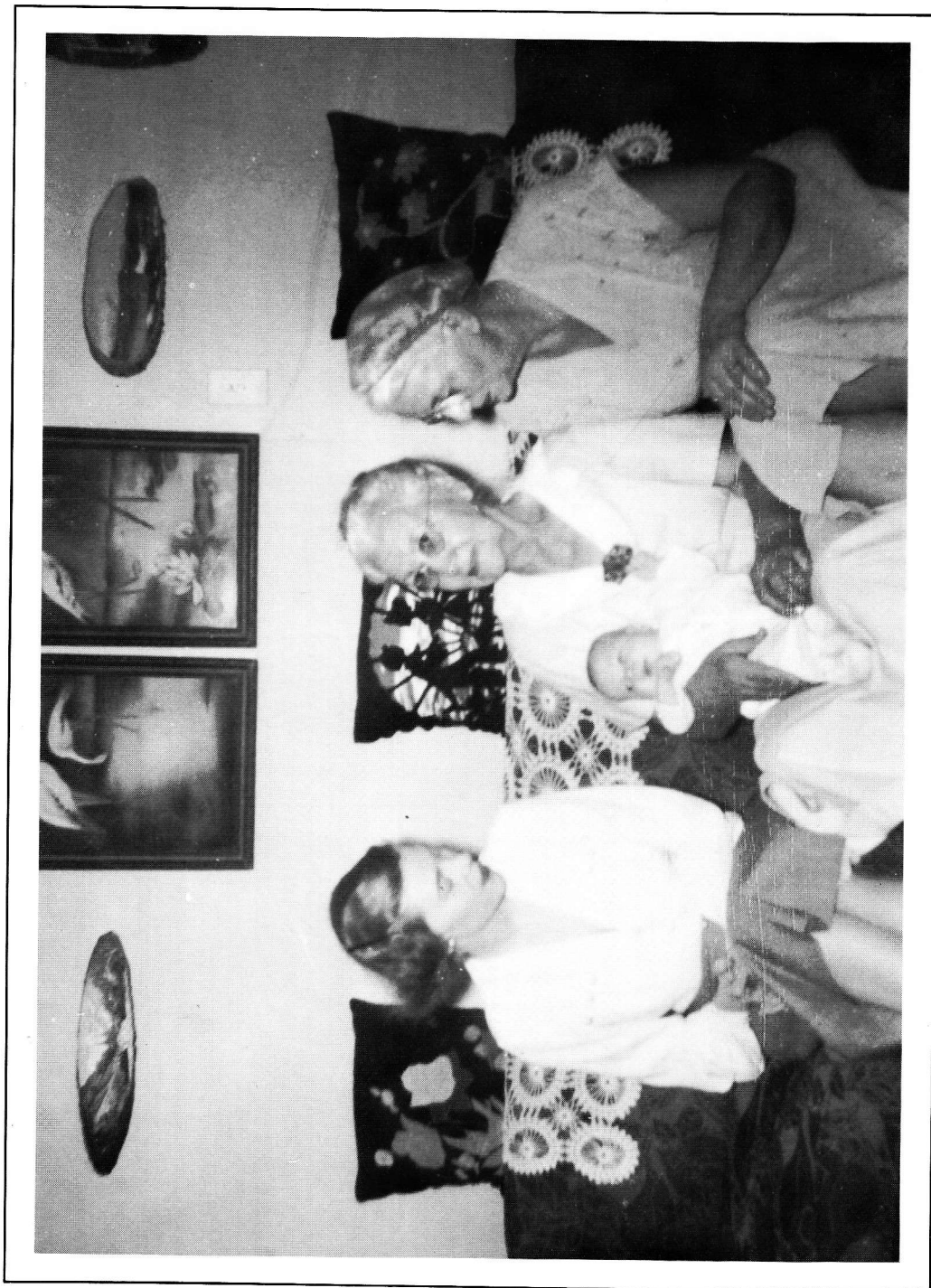
"True Blue Hearts," a playlet by students of Mrs. Ray White, had in the cast the following children: Janice Keller, Terry Thomas,

Martha Smiley, Mary Katherine Griffin, Lucy Beth Brazeal, Joan Berry, Jean Thompson, Louise Later, Joanne Johnson, Suzanne Grey, Jimmie Holcomb, Joe Thomas Lehman, John Clark, Hollis Rankin III, Bruce Gray, Kent Gray and Vernon Winsett.

Hostesses for the tea hour were Mmes. B. H. Dinsmore, Bokor, Ernest Madsen, H. R. Winfrey, H. M. Cauthen and Ray Goodwin. The lace covered table featured an arrangement of day lilies in shades of yellow. Yellow-trimmed napkins were used and yellow mints were served in crystal compotes. Mrs. Bentsen presided at the punch bowl, serving the more than 100 guests present.



*Great-grandmother, Tena Bentsen, with namesake Christina Johnson.
Christening Day
1951*



FOUR GENERATIONS

*Joan Sloan Johnson, Great-grandmother Tena Bentsen holding namesake Christina Johnson
and Edna Bentsen Sloan, Grandmother.*



Dan Petersen, Fay and Miller Petersen, Evelyn Petersen.

*Golden Anniversary Celebration
of
Fay and Miller Petersen
May 29, 1955
Peever, South Dakota*



Bentsen in Letter to Grandmother Contrasts Her Hardships With Easier Times at Present

(This week's newspaper letter from Rep. Lloyd M. Bentsen Jr. of McAllen takes the form of a letter to his 80-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Peter Bentsen, of Mission, contrasting the hardships of her day with the easier times now.—Editor's note.)

By **REP. LLOYD M. BENTSEN**
Texas 15th District

Grandmother, last week when I had the pleasure of visiting with you, you asked me what I thought of Congress and our government of today. Flying back to Washington, I thought of the United States you must have seen when you and grandfather immigrated to this country from the shores of your native Denmark. The homestead you established on the cold plains of Dakota, the sod home a young courageous couple built in this land of freedom. Friendly neighbors who cared not about your race or religion, but accepted your attempts to learn the English language with good humor and friendship, and pitched in to help you with the crops if your young husband was ill.

Wonderful country of opportunities, with hard-working people striving for the feeling of pride and ownership when that home was finished complete to the thatched roof.

The sickening sense of disaster the day you returned home to find your new home gutted by fire and all your worldly possessions burned with it.

In time, you accumulated a few cattle after borrowing money at rates of 25 per cent. The worry and anguish of paying off the interest much less the principal on that loan. Just as you seemed to be getting ahead—your cattle fat and ready for market—a cattle buyer told you that the price of beef had dropped overnight to three cents a pound. That wouldn't even pay for the feed you had given the cattle. That the corn you



MRS. PETER BENTSEN
“... when you and grandfather immigrated from Denmark.”

had labored to produce suddenly had not market and you found it cheaper to use it as fuel in your fireplace because some fellow in far-off Chicago was making a killing on the market selling short.

The year when you were finally getting ahead—and it looked as though the season's fine crop would leave a balance in the bank—came the panic of 1902. Millions unemployed, bread lines, no one buying your crop.

Your neighbors, who had up until then been a little more prosperous, suddenly found their life savings were gone. The bank in which they had placed their faith

had closed its doors. Some of those friends who had passed the age of hard labor and expected to live comfortably on their savings were now forced to live on charity.

Even the virgin soil which you so proudly turned for the first time with your plow, fertile, black productive, was beginning to be cut by small ravines which grew after every rain. Fine top soil washed away.

Faith in Government

I think of your faith in our government. The taxes you paid (perhaps grumbling a little). The man you helped vote into public office. The legislative program you and

(Continued on next page)

millions of others supported to try to make things a little better for your descendants. And then I think of the results of these efforts.

Today, because of the courageous contributions and foresight of millions of Americans like you, a couple starting today as you did in 1887, would find conditions a bit different.

Their taxes would be higher. But their country would now be the most powerful and influential in the world—one to which all others looked with envy because of its free enterprise and the highest standard of living in the world.

This couple would find that instead of going out and building a sod house without assistance, a government agency called the Federal Housing Administration would loan them up to 90 per cent of the cost of their new home at not 25 per cent interest but approximately five per cent, not only one year in which to pay but with as much as 20 years allowed to pay for this home. If they decided to live in the country, an REA Cooperative, made up of their neigh-

bors will bring electricity to that house.

That home which you lost to fire, if built today with an FHA loan, would be covered by insurance. Our banks will not charge this young couple 25 per cent interest because your government, by legislation, places a much lower maximum interest rate on loans.

Price Support

The wheat and corn the young couple of today grow will not find its way into their fireplace because this government has guaranteed a fair price for their product with a bit of legislation called price support. The bank they placed their earnings in will not one morning say yours savings are wiped out—because your government provides an insurance called the F.D.I.C. which insures your deposits up to \$5,000.

The elder couple, who through a bad turn of fate find themselves destitute, will not now find themselves thrown completely on charity because your government will provide them with a pension.

The rich farm will not continue

to erode and waste away for Washington is providing experts to teach farmers soil conservation, crop rotation and the use of fertilizers.

Heritage of Opportunity

Often people condemn this government of ours and wish for the good old days, asking what opportunity a man has today for success. Thinking of the sacrifice of folks like yourself to afford the advantages listed above and hundreds more, I sincerely hope that day these doubters will find the time to sit at the feet of the elder citizens, listen to their experiences, trials and tribulations. I believe they will come away with a feeling of deep humility and appreciation of the heritage you have given us. With the realization that by extending the same efforts these elder citizens did, with many of the pitfalls on the road to success removed by legislation, our opportunities today are tenfold that afforded you.

Your grandson,
Lloyd.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

CIRCUIT COURT,

Brookings
COUNTY.Third
JUDICIAL
CIRCUIT
—OF—

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Be it Remembered, That on the 27th day of February
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety nine
personally appeared before the Honorable Julian Bennett
Presiding Judge of the Circuit Court of Brookings County in the Circuit aforesaid
Peter Bentson an alien born, above the age of twenty-one years,
and applied in open Court to be admitted to become a naturalized citizen of the UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA, pursuant to the several acts of Congress heretofore passed on that subject. And the said
Peter Bentson having thereupon produced
to the Court record testimony showing that he had heretofore reported himself and filed his declaration of
his intention to become a citizen of the United States, according to the provisions of the several acts of Con-
gress, and the Court being satisfied as well from the oath of the said

Peter Bentson as from the testimony of
D. J. Haines
and J. A. Hooker who are known to be citizens of the United States,
that the said Peter Bentson has resided within the
limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States, for at least five years last passed, and at least one year
last past within the State of South Dakota, and that during the whole of that time he has behaved himself
as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles contained in the Constitution of the United
States, and well disposed to the good order, well being and happiness of the same, and two years and upwards
having elapsed since the said Peter Bentson
reported himself and filed his declaration of intention as aforesaid:

IT WAS ORDERED, that the said Peter Bentson
be permitted to take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and the usual oath whereby he
renounced all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and
more particularly to the King of Denmark whereof he was
heretofore a subject, which said oath having been administered to the said

Peter Bentson by the Clerk of said Court, it is ordered
by the Court that the said Peter Bentson be admitted to all
and singular the rights, privileges and immunities of a naturalized citizen of the United States, and that
the same be certified by the Clerk of this Court, under the seal of said Court, which is done accordingly.

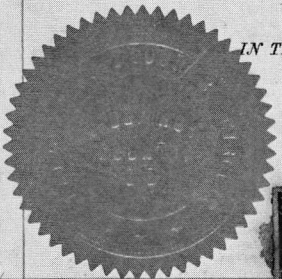
Attest:

Julian Bennett Judge.
W. H. Murphy Clerk.

IN TESTIMONY That the foregoing is a true copy of the proceedings, taken from the
record of the proceedings of the Court aforesaid, I subscribe my name
hereunto and affix the Seal of the Circuit Court, this 27th
day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and ninety nine

W. H. Murphy Clerk.

By _____ Deputy.



115



NATURALIZATION

FINAL CERTIFICATE.

STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA,

Third Judicial Circuit,

County of Beakings

February Term, 1899

OX-68

FILED for record this *29*

day of *Jan*, 1931

at *11:30* o'clock *A*. M.

F. W. LEMBURG

Clerk County Court, Hidalgo County, Tex.

By *O. V. Bridges*

Deputy.

STATE OF TEXAS }
County of Hidalgo }

I. F. W. LEMBURG, Clerk. County Court, Hidalgo County, Texas.

do hereby certify that the above and foregoing instrument, with its certificates of authentication, was filed for record in my office the *29* day of *Jan* A. D. 1931 at *11:30* o'clock *A*. M., and duly recorded the *29* day of *Jan* A. D. 1931 at *1:00* o'clock *P*. M., in Vol. *831* Page *625-26* of the *Miscellaneous* Records of Hidalgo County, Texas.

To Certify Which, Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Edinburg, this *29* day of *January* A. D. 1931

F. W. LEMBURG,
Clerk, County Court,
Hidalgo County, Texas.

By *O. V. Bridges*
Deputy

Number

2780926

ALIEN REGISTRATION RECEIPT CARD

Tena Bentsen
P.O. Box 181
Mission, Texas

KEEP THIS CARD. Keep a record of the number.

IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE
ALIEN REGISTRATION DIVISION
WASHINGTON, D. C.



To the Registrant:

Your registration under the Alien Registration Act, 1940, has been received and given the number shown above your name. This card is your receipt, and is evidence only of such registration. In writing to the Department of Justice about yourself, always give the number on this card.

ar-o

Director of Registration.



Carly Harison

RIGHT INDEX FINGER



Registration Division, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., (1) if it is found; or (2) if the person named hereon departs from the United States, or becomes naturalized, or dies.

Tena Bentsen
(SIGNATURE OF REGISTRANT, OR PERSON REGISTERING THE ALIEN)

The Alien Registration Act, 1940, requires all resident aliens to report each change of address within 5 days of such change. Other aliens, for example: Visitors, students, and others not admitted for permanent residence in the United States, must report their address every 3 months whether they change their address or not. Prepared forms for such address changes and reports may be obtained at any post office. A penalty of fine and imprisonment is provided by law for failure to make the required reports. Address letters and reports to the Alien Registration Division, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. When reporting, give both your number and name.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

STATE OF TEXAS }
COUNTY OF HIDALGO }

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

I, GEORGE L. ANDERSON, COUNTY CLERK in and for HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS, do hereby certify that EDNA MAY BENTSEN was born in the City of White, County of Brookings, State of South Dakota, on the 19th day of April 1892, ~~1911~~
Sex female Color white Father Peter Bentsen, Mother Tina Peters or _____, according to the report of such birth filed in my office on the 31st day of May, 195 2, in accordance with the Law and of record in my office in Book 27, Page 11, Certificate No. 11, Probate Birth Records, Hidalgo County, Texas.

TO CERTIFY WHICH, witness my hand and seal of office on this the 31st day of May, 195 2.

Affiants: Tina Bentsen
W H Kilgore

GEORGE L. ANDERSON
COUNTY CLERK,
HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS


I Brennan, Deputy

OFFICE OF
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
BROOKINGS COUNTY
BROOKINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that the name of Edna Bentsen,
age 12, parent or guardian Peter Bentsen,
appeared on the census report from
 May, 1904 according to records on file
Argo # 27
with the County Superintendent of Schools.

Mrs. Zelca Albright
County Superintendent of Schools

COUNTY NUMBER 16655

DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year) June 2, 1894	Hour	Sex Male
--	------	-------------

MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME	first	middle	last
	Tena		Peterson

AGE (at time of this birth)	State of Birth
Not Given	Denmark

FATHER'S NAME	first	middle	last
	Peter		Bentsen

AGE (at time of this birth)	State of Birth
26	Denmark

ATTENDANT AT BIRTH-Name title
Affidavit of Mother-Tena Bentsen

DATE FILED
October 26, 1943 (Delayed)

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE INFORMATION APPEARS ON THE TRANSCRIPT

OF BIRTH ON FILE IN THE Brookings COUNTY REGISTER
OF DEEDS OFFICE.

DATE ISSUED August 21, 1984

SEAL

88

AMENDMENT TO DELAYED CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

PART I. INFORMATION CONCERNING REGISTRANT AS SHOWN ON ORIGINAL BIRTH CERTIFICATE.	
REGISTRANT'S FULL NAME Laurel Havana Bentsen	DATE OF BIRTH June 28, 1899
PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN, COUNTY, AND STATE) White, Brookings County, South Dakota	STATE FILE NO. (IF KNOWN)

PART II. ITEM(S) ON ORIGINAL BIRTH CERTIFICATE TO BE CORRECTED.		
ITEM OR ITEM NO.	ENTRY ON ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE	CORRECT INFORMATION
Item. 7	June 28, 1899	June 28, 1898
Item. 14	Tina Peters	Tina Peterson

PART III. ORDER OF THE PROBATE COURT.	
STATE OF TEXAS	
COUNTY OF <u>Hidalgo</u>	
ON THIS THE <u>29</u> DAY OF <u>April</u> , 19 <u>60</u> , APPLICATION WAS MADE TO THIS	
COURT BY <u>Mrs. Laurel Norton</u> , NOW RESIDING AT	
<u>Box 667, Uvalde, Texas</u>	
TO AMEND THE ABOVE-DESCRIBED DELAYED CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH WITH RESPECT TO THE ERROR OR ERRORS AS NOTED. IT HAVING BEEN FOUND BY THIS COURT THAT THE ORIGINAL CERTIFICATE IS IN ERROR AND THAT THE REQUESTED AMENDMENT SHOULD THEREFORE BE AUTHORIZED, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED THAT THE STATE REGISTRAR OF TEXAS AND THE COUNTY CLERK OF THIS COUNTY FILE A COPY OF THIS INSTRUMENT AS AN AMENDMENT TO THE ABOVE-DESCRIBED DELAYED CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH AS PREVIOUSLY APPROVED BY THIS COURT AND RECORDED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE OFFICES.	
<i>Milton P. Richardson</i> COUNTY JUDGE <u>Hidalgo</u> COUNTY, TEXAS	

VS-124

Vol. 27

1. PLACE OF BIRTH STATE OF TEXAS So. Dakota		TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS		INDEXED	
COUNTY OF <u>Brookings County</u>					
CITY OR PRECINCT NO. <u>White</u>					
GIVE STREET AND NUMBER OR NAME OF INSTITUTION					
2. FULL NAME OF CHILD <u>Laurel Havana Bentsen</u>					
3. SEX <u>F</u>	4. TWIN, TRIPLET, OTHER <u>FATHER</u>		5. NUMBER, IN ORDER OF BIRTH	6. LEGITIMATE? <u>yes</u>	7. DATE OF BIRTH <u>June 28, 1899</u>
8. FULL NAME <u>Peter Bentsen</u>			14. FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Tina Peters</u>		
9. RESIDENCE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>White, So. Dakota</u>			15. RESIDENCE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>White, So. Dakota</u>		
10. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u>		11. AGE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>31</u> YEARS		17. AGE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>31</u> YEARS	
12. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Denmark</u>			18. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Denmark</u>		
13A. TRADE, PROFESSION OR KIND OF WORK DONE <u>Farmer</u>			19A. TRADE, PROFESSION OR KIND OF WORK DONE <u>Housewife</u>		
13B. INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS IN WHICH ENGAGED			19B. INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS IN WHICH ENGAGED		
20. NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN TO THIS MOTHER, INCLUDING THIS BIRTH <u>5</u>			21. NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN TO THIS MOTHER, AND NOW LIVING <u>6</u>		
I HEREBY CERTIFY TO THE BIRTH OF THIS CHILD WHO WAS BORN ALIVE STILLBORN AT <u>5:00</u> P. M. ON THE DATE STATED ABOVE					
22. SIGNATURE <u>Tessa Bentsen</u> ADDRESS <u>Mission, Texas</u>					

AFFIDAVIT A

STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF Hidalgo

BEFORE ME ON THIS DAY APPEARED Tina Bentsen
KNOWN TO ME TO BE THE PERSON WHO SIGNED THE CERTIFICATE ATTACHED HERETO, WHO ON OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS THAT THE FACTS STATED IN THE FOREGOING BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF

Laurel Bentsen ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF
HIS KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF, AND THAT ~~HE~~ SHE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACTS AT THE TIME OF THE EVENT.

SIGNED: Tessa BentsenSWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME, THIS 26 DAY OF May, 1952

Delia B. Zamora

Delia B. Zamora

[SEAL]

NOTARY PUBLIC IN AND FOR Hidalgo COUNTY, TEXAS.

AFFIDAVIT B

STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF Hidalgo

BEFORE ME ON THIS DAY APPEARED
KNOWN TO ME TO BE THE PERSON WHO SIGNED THIS AFFIDAVIT, WHO ON OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS THAT THE FACTS STATED IN THE FOREGOING BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF

Laurel Havana Bentsen ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF
HIS KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF, AND THAT ~~HE~~ SHE IS ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACTS AND THAT ~~HE~~ SHE IS NOT RELATED TO THE INDIVIDUAL BY BLOOD OR MARRIAGE.

SIGNED: W. H. KilgoreSWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME, THIS 26 DAY OF May, 1952

(Delia B. Zamora)

Delia B. Zamora

[SEAL]

NOTARY PUBLIC IN AND FOR Hidalgo COUNTY, TEXAS.

STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF HidalgoTHE BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF Laurel Havana Bentsen

ATTACHED HERETO, WAS SUBMITTED TO THIS COURT, AS PROVIDED FOR IN H. B. NO. 614, 46TH LEG., R. S. 1939.

IT IS THE ORDER OF THIS COURT THAT THIS RECORD BE ACCEPTED BY THE STATE REGISTRAR FOR FILING IN THE STATE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS.

SIGNED: W. H. Kilgore CO. JUDGEDATE May 29, 1952 OF Hidalgo COUNTY

1. PLACE OF BIRTH STATE OF ~~TEXAS~~ SOUTH DAKOTA		TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH		DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE	
COUNTY OF <u>Brookings</u>					
CITY OR PRECINCT NO. <u>White</u>		GIVE STREET AND NUMBER OR NAME OF INSTITUTION			
2. FULL NAME OF CHILD <u>Adelbert Antonia Bentsen</u>					
3. SEX <u>M</u>	FOR PLURAL BIRTHS ONLY: 4. TWIN, TRIPLET, OTHER		5. NUMBER, IN ORDER OF BIRTH <u>6</u>	6. LEGITIMATE? <u>Yes</u>	7. DATE OF BIRTH <u>November 7, 1899</u>
8. FULL NAME <u>Niels Peter Bentsen</u>			14. FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Tena Peterson</u>		
9. RESIDENCE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>White, South Dakota</u>			15. RESIDENCE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>White, South Dakota</u>		
10. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u>		11. AGE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>32</u> YEARS		16. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u>	
12. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Vested, Denmark</u>		18. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Hjoring, Denmark</u>		17. AGE AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH <u>32</u> YEARS	
13A. TRADE, PROFESSION OR KIND OF WORK DONE <u>Farmer</u>		19A. TRADE, PROFESSION OR KIND OF WORK DONE <u>Housewife</u>		13B. INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS IN WHICH ENGAGED	
20. NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN TO THIS MOTHER, INCLUDING THIS BIRTH <u>Six</u>		21. NUMBER OF CHILDREN BORN TO THIS MOTHER, AND NOW LIVING <u>Six</u>			
I HEREBY CERTIFY TO THE BIRTH OF THIS CHILD WHO WAS BORN ALIVE STILLBORN AT <u>10:00 P.M.</u> ON THE DATE STATED ABOVE.					
22. SIGNATURE <u>Tena Bentsen</u>		ADDRESS <u>Mission Texas</u>			

AFFIDAVIT A

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF HIDALGO

BEFORE ME ON THIS DAY APPEARED Tena Bentsen
KNOWN TO ME TO BE THE PERSON WHO SIGNED THE CERTIFICATE ATTACHED HERETO, WHO ON OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS THAT THE FACTS STATED IN THE FOREGOING BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF Adelbert Antonia Bentsen ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF her (NAME APPEARING ON CERTIFICATE) KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF, AND THAT she WAS ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACTS AT THE TIME OF THE EVENT.

SIGNED: Tena Bentsen
SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME, THIS 21st DAY OF October 1957

Ethel Brooke ETHEL BROOKE
[SEAL] NOTARY PUBLIC IN AND FOR Hidalgo COUNTY, TEXAS.

AFFIDAVIT B

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF HIDALGO

BEFORE ME ON THIS DAY APPEARED G. F. Dohrn
KNOWN TO ME TO BE THE PERSON WHO SIGNED THIS AFFIDAVIT, WHO ON OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS THAT THE FACTS STATED IN THE FOREGOING BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF Adelbert Antonia Bentsen ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF his (NAME APPEARING ON CERTIFICATE) KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF, AND THAT he WAS ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACTS AND THAT she IS NOT RELATED TO THE INDIVIDUAL BY BLOOD OR MARRIAGE.

SIGNED: G. F. Dohrn
SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME, THIS 21st DAY OF October 1957

Ethel Brooke ETHEL BROOKE
[SEAL] NOTARY PUBLIC IN AND FOR Hidalgo COUNTY, TEXAS.

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF Hidalgo

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF Adelbert Antonia Bentsen ATTACHED HERETO, WAS SUBMITTED TO THIS COURT, AS PROVIDED FOR IN H. B. NO. 614, 46TH LEG. R. S. 1939. IT IS THE ORDER OF THIS COURT THAT THIS RECORD BE ACCEPTED BY THE STATE REGISTRAR FOR FILING IN THE STATE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS.

SIGNED Wm. D. Williams JUDGE
DATE Oct 21, 1957 OF Hidalgo COUNTY

FØDSELS- og DÅBSATTEST

for

Slægtsnavn: PedersenFornavn: Mads Anton MøllerRegistreringssted for fødslen
(sogn og kommune):Jelstrup sogn
Løkken - Vrå kommune

Fødselsår og -dag:

1839 - 2. november

Kirken, hvori barnet er døbt
eller fremstillet efter hjemme-
døb:

Jelstrup kirke

Dåbsår og dåbsdag samt
- hvis barnet er hjemmedøbt -
år og dag for fremstillingen
i kirken:Hjemmedøbt: 1839 - 5. december
Fremstillet: 1840 - 1. januarForældrenes eller adoptiv-
forældrenes stilling og fulde
navne:Peder Enevoldsen Møller
og hustru
Karen Margrethe JensdatterAnmærkning angående
optagelse i eller udtrædelse
af folkekirken:

Overensstemmelsen med ministerialbogen bevidnes



Embedsstempel eller segl

Rubjerg, den 17. juli 1979

Præstens navn

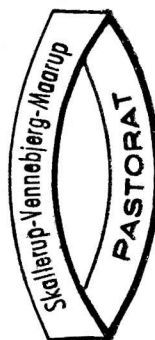
Nr. 1500 A/S Provins-Forlaget . Randers

Mads Anton Pedersen, Birth Certificate.

VIELSESATTEST

	BRUDGOMMEN:	BRUDEN:
Slægtsnavn:	P e d e r s e n	M o r t e n s e n
Fornavn:	Mads Anton Møller	Hanne
Registreringssted for fødslen (sogn og kommune):	Jelstrup sogn	Harrikslev sogn
Fødselsår og -dag:	1839 - 2. november	1844 - 26. april
Stilling:	---	---
Vielsesår og -dag:	1868 - 22. december	
Vielsessted:	Skallerup kirke	

Overensstemmelsen med ministerialbogen bevidnes



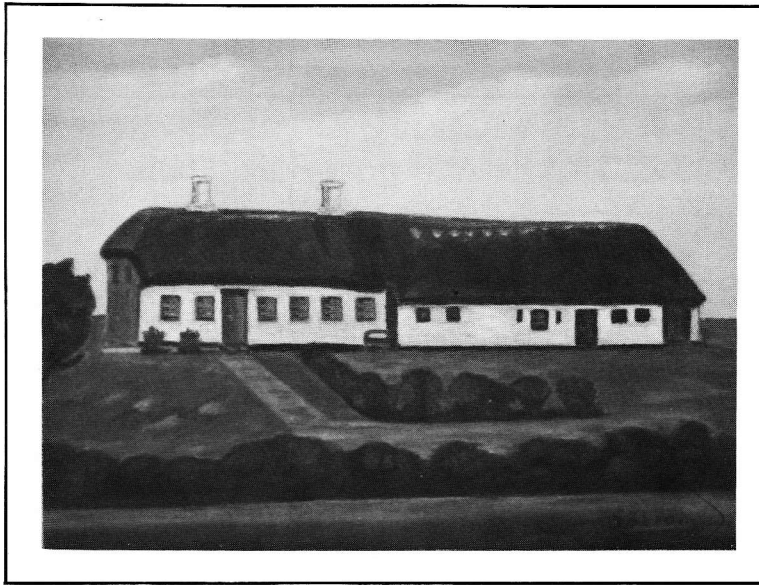
Embedsstempel eller søgl

Skallerup, den 18. juli 1979

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Erik Holten".

Præstens navn

Nr. 1504 A/S Provins-Forlaget . Randers



*A painting of the original Petersen family home,
Vennebjerg Parish, Denmark.*



The Hansen home, on the site of the original Petersen home. The church of Vennebjerg is just visible to the left of the house, in the distance. Taken in 1982.

1930

MRS. HANNA PETERSON

Following brief funeral services at the Kreidler Chapel Sunday evening, the remains of Mrs. Hanna Peterson, aged 86, resident of McAllen for the past six years, were sent away for burial beside her husband, mother and daughter in Peever, S. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bentsen, devoted son and daughter of the aged lady, accompanied the body on the train to South Dakota and funeral services were to have been held there either Wednesday or Thursday of this week, depending upon the arrival of a daughter from the west coast.

Mrs. Peterson was born in Venneberg, Denmark, April 25, 1844, and was married to Anton Peterson in 1867 in Denmark. They sailed immediately to make the home in the United States, locating first in Illinois.

In 1870 they moved to Brookings county, South Dakota, where the death of the husband occurred in 1895. Mrs. Peterson continued to reside there until the subsequent death of her mother and a daughter, and moved to the Valley in 1924 to live with her daughter, Mrs. Peter Bentsen.

Death came to this beloved resident of Sharyland at 4:30 p. m. Saturday, September 13, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bentsen in Sharyland, where she made her home.

She was a member of the Lutheran church, having professed faith in that denomination early in life.

Surviving her are two daughters, Mrs. John Hines of Eugene, Oregon, and Mrs. Peter Bentsen of Sharyland, Texas; and a son, Miller Peterson of Peever, S. D. A third daughter, Mrs. Sandy Grey, died in Peever in 1911.



*Hanne Petersen
Mission, Texas*



Death Claims Peter Bentsen, Valley Pioneer

MISSION — Peter Bentsen, 79, pioneer farmer and citrus grower and patriarch of one of the Valley's foremost families, died this morning at his residence at 1322 Dougherty after a brief illness.

A native of Denmark, he came to the United States at 19 years of age, settling first in South Dakota, where he married. He and his wife came to Mission in 1918 to become pioneers in the first difficult stages of the Valley's development. He was organizer of a company to create subdivisions and is credited with a large contribution to the transformation of an area of mesquite and cactus into one of the world's garden spots.

In 1940 he and his wife were honored by community-wide tribute on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary.

Survivors besides his wife are two daughters, Mrs. Roy A. Sloan and Mrs. Clark W. Norton of Mission; four sons, Alton D. Bentsen and Lloyd M. Bentsen Sr. of Mission; Elmer C. Bentsen of McAllen and A. A. Bentsen of Edcouch; 20 grandchildren, including Congressional Candidate Lloyd Bentsen Jr., and 10 great grandchildren.

Arrangements will be announced by Scott Martin Funeral Home of McAllen

June 10, 1948

PETER BENTSEN

McALLEN — The oldest sons from each of his six children's families will serve as pallbearers Sunday for Peter Bentsen, 79, pioneer farmer, citrus grower and patriarch of one of the Valley's most prominent families, who died Thursday morning at his Mission home after a brief illness.

The six grandsons include Lt. Commander Lloyd Sloan, Marion Bentsen, Lloyd M. Bentsen Jr., Ted Bentsen, Dale Norton and Neil Bentsen.

Funeral services will be held at 5 p.m. Sunday at the First Methodist Church of Mission with the pastor, Rev. H. L. Ratliff officiating. Assisting will be Revs. Theodore Lott, pastor of the First

Baptist Church of Mission; Allen Roe, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Weslaco and Kenneth Hemphill, pastor of the First Methodist Church of McAllen. Burial will be under direction of Scott Martin Funeral Home in Rose Lawn cemetery, McAllen.

Survivors, in addition to the grandsons, are his wife, Mrs. Peter Bentsen; two daughters, Mrs. Roy A. Sloan and Mrs. Clark W. Norton of Mission; four sons, Alton D. Bentsen and Lloyd M. Bentsen Sr. of Mission, Elmer C. Bentsen of McAllen and A. A. Bentsen of Edcouch, 14 other grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

Crowd Pays Last Respects To Valley's Peter Bentsen

EXPRESS VALLEY BUREAU

MISSION, June 13. — Peter Bentsen, 79-year-old native of Denmark, a man who was one of the principal builders of the upper Valley's tremendous citrus and land development industries, was laid to rest Sunday.

Funeral services for the pioneer settler were held in the First Methodist Church here—a church which Bentsen had helped to build. Interment was in Roselawn Cemetery in McAllen under the direction of Scott Martin Chapel.

A crowd of approximately 400 persons overflowed the pews, with many standing, to listen to the funeral sermon delivered by Rev. Allan Rowe, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Weslaco.

Banks of flowers virtually engulfed the pulpit where the body lay in state in a solid copper

casket. It was probably the largest funeral ever held in the upper Valley.

Leaders of the Valley agricultural industry, city and county officials and other people from various walks of life paid their last respects to Bentsen at the rites.

Rev. Rowe spoke of Bentsen as a "patriarch and pioneer" who sacrificed and endured many hardships to achieve his high place in life. The minister said that it was Bentsen's "adventurous and pioneering spirit" which brought him from Denmark to this country at the age of 19.

Bentsen, who came to the Valley in 1918 from South Dakota, had been retired for several years due to failing health. He leaves a widow, four sons and two daughters in addition to 20 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.



INFORMATION CALLED FOR ON THE REVERSE SIDE

1. PLACE OF DEATH		TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
STATE OF TEXAS			
COUNTY OF <u>Hidalgo</u>			
CITY OR PRECINCT NO. <u>Mission</u>	<u>1322 Dougherty</u>	5501	
2. FULL NAME OF DECEASED <u>Peter Bentsen</u>		GIVE STREET AND NUMBER OR NAME OF INSTITUTION	
LENGTH OF RESIDENCE WHERE DEATH OCCURRED <u>30</u> YEARS MONTHS DAYS (SOCIAL SECURITY NO. <u>None</u>)			
RESIDENCE OF DECEASED AND NO. <u>1322 Dougherty</u> CITY <u>Mission</u> COUNTY <u>Hidalgo</u> STATE <u>Texas</u>			
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS		MEDICAL PARTICULARS	
3. SEX <u>Male</u>	4. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u>	17. DATE OF DEATH <u>June 10th</u> 19 <u>48</u>	
5. SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED OR DIVORCED (WRITE THE WORD) <u>Married</u>		18. I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED FROM <u>11/1</u> 19 <u>48</u> TO <u>6/10</u> 19 <u>48</u>	
6. DATE OF BIRTH <u>Sept. 5th, 1868</u>		I LAST SAW HIM <u>ALIV</u> 19 <u>48</u>	
7. AGE <u>79</u> YEARS <u>9</u> MONTHS <u>5</u> DAYS IF LESS THAN 1 DAY HOURS MIN	THE DEATH OCCURRED ON DATE STATED ABOVE AT <u>10:00 A.</u> M.		
8A. TRADE, PROFESSION OR KIND OF WORK DONE <u>Retired</u>	THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF DEATH WAS:		DURATION
8B. INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS IN WHICH ENGAGED	<u>apoplexy</u>		
9. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Denmark</u>	CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES WERE		
10. NAME <u>Not Known</u>	<u>old age</u>		
11. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Not Known</u>			
12. MAIDEN NAME <u>Not Known</u>			
13. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Not Known</u>			
14. SIGNATURE <u>Elmer C. Bentsen</u>	IF NOT DUE TO DISEASE, SPECIFY WHETHER:		
ADDRESS <u>McAllen</u> TEXAS	ACCIDENT, SUICIDE, OR HOMICIDE		
15. PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL <u>Roselawn Cemetery, McAllen, Texas</u>	DATE OF OCCURRENCE		
DATE <u>June 13th</u> 19 <u>48</u>	PLACE OF OCCURRENCE		
16. SIGNATURE <u>Scott Martin Funeral Home</u>	MANNER OR MEANS IF RELATED TO OCCUPATION OF DECEASED SPECIFY		
ADDRESS <u>McAllen</u> TEXAS	<u>Dr. C. H. Mims</u>		
20. FILE NUMBER <u>379-48-31</u>	FILE DATE <u>6-10</u> 19 <u>48</u>	SIGNATURE OF REGISTAR <u>[Signature]</u>	POSTOFFICE ADDRESS <u>Mission</u> TEXAS

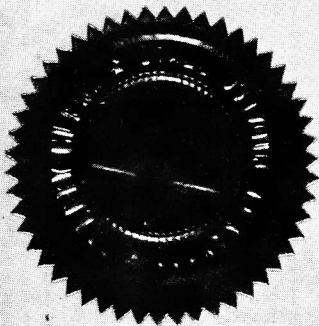
STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF HIDALGO

I, SANTOS SALDANA, County Clerk in and for Hidalgo County, Texas, do hereby certify that this is a true and correct Photostatic copy of the DEATH Certificate of Peter Bentsen, as same was filed for record in this office on the 9th day of July A.D. 1948, and duly recorded in the DEATH Records, in Vol. 8 Page 188 File 5501

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE this the 5th day of April A.D. 1978

SANTOS SALDANA, County Clerk
HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS

By [Signature] Deputy





Mrs. Peter Bentsen, Mission Pioneer, Rites Held Monday

Funeral services for Mrs. Peter Bentsen, long-time Valley resident and mother of a prominent Valley family, were held at 5 P.M. Monday at the First Methodist Church.

Mrs. Bentsen died at her home at 1213 St. Marie Street in Mission shortly before noon Friday. She was 91 and had been ill for about three months.

Mrs. Bentsen came to the United States from Denmark in 1877 at the age of eight. She was born in Hjoring, Denmark, March 10,

1868. Her family settled in Illinois and later moved to South Dakota.

She and Peter Bentsen, who preceded her in death in 1948, were married November 25, 1890. They moved to the Valley in November, 1918.

Survivors include six children, Mrs. Laura Norton and Mrs. Edna Sloan, Alton, Elmer, Dietz and Lloyd Bentsen, Sr., all of Mission; 20 grandchildren and 50 great grandchildren; a nephew, Carl

Bentsen, who made his home with her for several years, and a brother, Miller Peterson of Peever, S. D.

Mrs. Bentsen was reared a Lutheran but upon moving to the Valley she joined the Methodist Church with her family.

Rev. Vernon F. Perry, minister of the First Methodist Church who was in charge of Mrs. Bentsen's funeral services, was assisted by Rev. Donald Benton, associate pastor of the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, a grandson by marriage of Mrs. Bentsen. Mrs. W. W. Isham sang "My God and I" and a quartet composed of Gordon Ellis, G. C. Williams, Mrs. Isham and Mrs. Wm. H. Liebe sang one of Mrs. Bentsen's favorite songs, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown."

Both active and honorary pallbearers were grandsons. Active pallbearers were: Calvin and Donald Bentsen, McAllen; Neal Bentsen, Dallas; Lloyd Bentsen, Jr., and Kenneth Bentsen, Houston; Alan Norton, San Antonio; and Thomas and Robert Bentsen, both of Mission.

Honorary pallbearers were: Commander Stanley Sloan, Naval Air Force, Rhode Island; Commander Lloyd E. Sloan, Naval Air Force, Alameda, Calif.; Dale Norton, Wichita, Kans.; Marion Bentsen, Edcouch and Ted Bentsen of McAllen.

Burial was in Roselawn Cemetery in McAllen, beside her husband.

All arrangements were under the direction of Virgil Wilson Funeral Home.

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF HIDALGO

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH 5 STATE FILE NO. 407 407

1. PLACE OF DEATH
a. COUNTY **Hidalgo**
b. CITY OR TOWN (If outside city limits, give precinct no.)
Mission

2. USUAL RESIDENCE (Where deceased lived. If institution: residence before admission)
a. STATE **Texas**
b. COUNTY **Hidalgo**
c. CITY OR TOWN (If outside city limits, give precinct no.)
Mission
d. STREET ADDRESS (If rural, give location)
1213 St. Maria

3. LENGTH OF STAY in 1 b. **40 yrs**

4. DATE OF DEATH **June 12, 1959**

5. SEX **Female** 6. COLOR OR RACE **White** 7. Marital Status: Married ☐ Never Married ☐ Widowed ☐ Divorced ☐

8. USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired) **Housewife** 9. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY **None**

10. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) **Hjorring, Denmark** 11. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY? **USA**

12. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME **Hanna Madsen** 13. INFORMANT **Laura Bentson Norton**

14. CAUSE OF DEATH (Enter only one cause per line for (a), (b), and (c))
PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY:
IMMEDIATE CAUSE (a) **Pneumonia**
DUE TO (b) **Arteriosclerotic cardiovascular disease with congestive heart failure**
DUE TO (c) **None**

15. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH BUT NOT RELATED TO THE TERMINAL DISEASE CONDITION GIVEN IN PART I (a) **None**

16. SOCIAL SECURITY NO. **None** 17. INTERVIEWED FOR DEATH **6 days**

18. ACCIDENT ☐ SUICIDE ☐ HOMICIDE ☐ 19. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED, (Enter nature of injury in Part I or Part II of Item 18.)

20. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office building, etc.) **Home** 21. CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION **Mission, Texas**

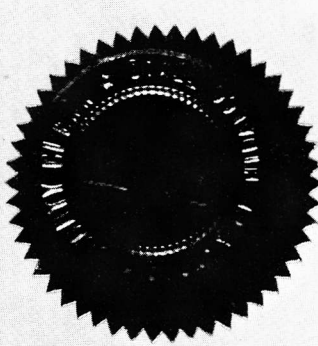
22. DATE OF DEATH **June 12, 1959** 23. TIME OF DEATH **10:30 AM**

24. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY **Roselawn Cemetery** 25. DATE SIGNED **6-15-59**

26. SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR **James H. Ford** 27. SIGNATURE OF VENDOR **James H. Ford**

28. SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR **James H. Ford** 29. SIGNATURE OF VENDOR **James H. Ford**

30. SIGNATURE OF REGISTRAR **James H. Ford** 31. SIGNATURE OF VENDOR **James H. Ford**



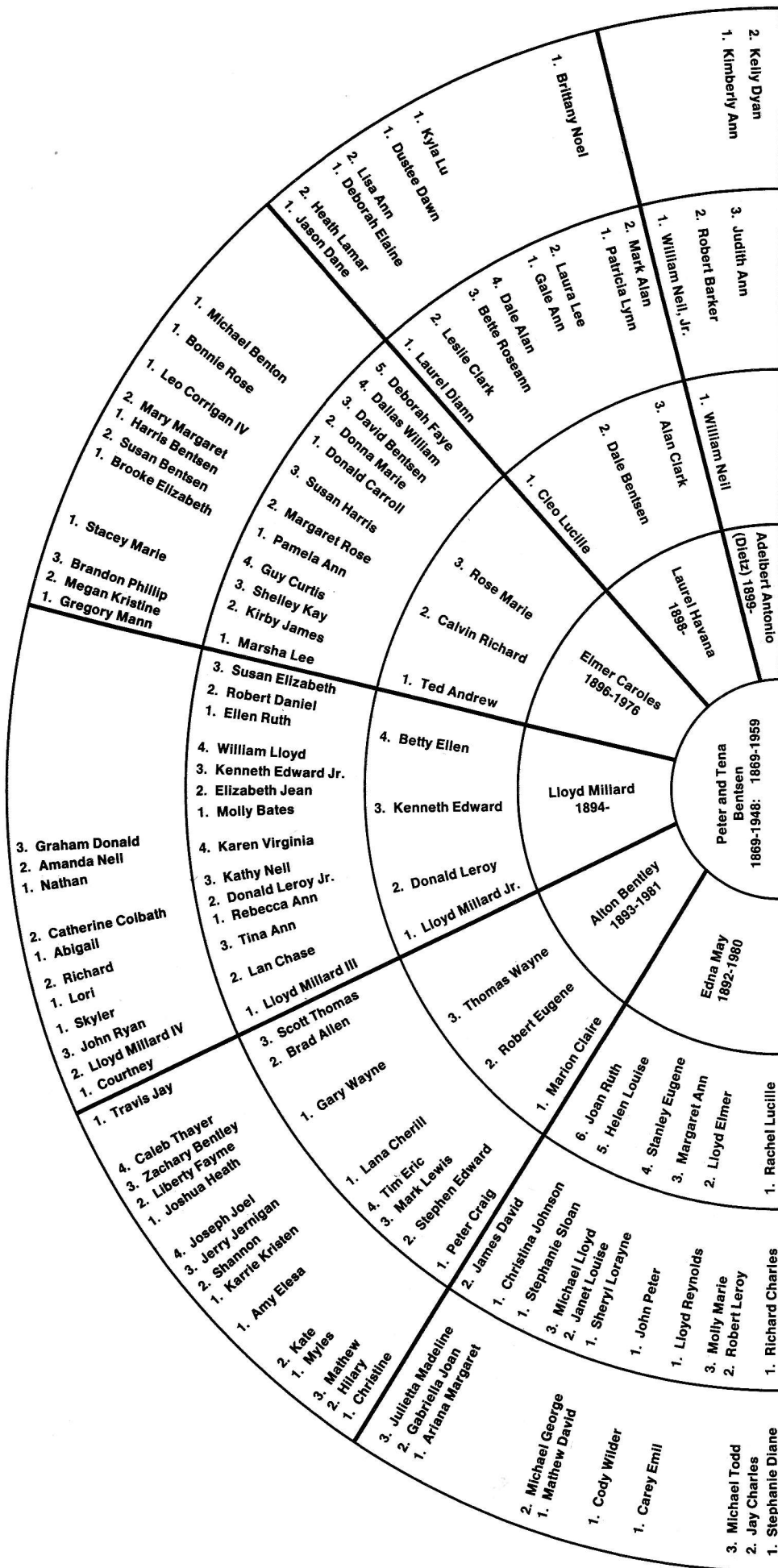
STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF HIDALGO

I, SANTOS SALDANA, County Clerk in and for Hidalgo County, Texas, do hereby certify that this is a true and correct Photostatic copy of the **DEATH** Certificate of **TENA BENTSEN**, as same was filed for record in this office on the **1st** day of **July**, A.D. 19**59**, and duly recorded in the **DEATH** Records, in Vol. **16**, Page **407**, File **407**.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL OF OFFICE this the **5th** day of **April**, A.D. 19**78**.

SANTOS SALDANA, County Clerk
HIDALGO COUNTY, TEXAS

By **John M. Jimenez**, Deputy



DESCENDANTS OF PETER AND TENA BENTSEN

Spouse

Edna May Bentsen, Homemaker b. April 19, 1892 d. July 30, 1980	Leroy A. Sloan, Farmer b. March 5, 1887 d. November 3, 1963
Rachel Lucille Bridges, Homemaker b. December 5, 1916	Henry R. Bridges, Bookkeeper b. August 7, 1912
Richard Charles Bridges, Welder b. July 1, 1946	Patricia McCurry, Beautician b. December 9, 1943
Stephanie Diane Bridges b. August 3, 1972	
Jay Charles Bridges b. January 13, 1975	
Michael Todd Bridges b. February 6, 1976	
Robert Leroy Bridges, Welder, Pump Operator b. December 1, 1948	
Molly Marie Bridges, Waitress b. June 24, 1953	
Lloyd Elmer Sloan, Commander, USN (ret) b. April 22, 1918 d. May 19, 1979	Wilma Beth Schuelke, Secretary b. August 20, 1920
Lloyd Reynolds Sloan, Psychologist b. January 20, 1946	Alexandra Armstrong, Dental Tech. b. March 15, 1952
Carey Emil Coy Sloan b. November 19, 1968	
Margaret Ann Sloan, Nurse/Homemaker b. October 6, 1919	Robert E. Clark, FAA; L.C./USAFR (ret.) b. November 5, 1921
John Peter Clark, Construction b. March 12, 1955	
Cody Wilder Clark b. June 29, 1975	
Stanley Eugene Sloan, Capt. USN (ret) b. August 13, 1922 School Admn.	Alys Lorayne Schlensig, Real Estate b. April 9, 1922
Sheryl Lorayne Sloan, Homemaker b. November 1, 1947	
Mathew David Kase b. April 23, 1976	
Michael George Kase b. July 4, 1982	
Janet Louise Sloan, Homemaker b. October 19, 1949	George Goldman, Psychologist b. July 23, 1944
Michael Lloyd Sloan, USN b. August 21, 1957	Janet Marie Stratton, Homemaker b. January 16, 1959
Helen Lousie Sloan, Artist b. June 26, 1926	Earl Young, Jr., Artist b. July 24, 1921
Stephanie Sloan Young, Examiner, TEC b. January 27, 1953	
Joan Ruth Sloan, Homemaker b. August 23, 1930	James Robert Johnson, Lt Col, USAF (ret); FAA b. February 17, 1928
Christina Johnson, Physicist b. February 4, 1951	Alexander Cavalli, Physicist b. February 24, 1950
Ariana Margaret Cavalli b. November 9, 1980	
Gabriella Joan Cavalli b. August 9, 1982	
Julietta Madeline Cavalli b. October 23, 1984	

James David Johnson, Air Traffic Controller b. October 12, 1955	Betsy Ingram, Air Traffic Controller b. November 14, 1951
Alton Bentley Bentsen, Citrus Grower, Grove Care b. June 2, 1893 d. August 9, 1981	Blanche Tompkins, Homemaker b. July 24, 1898 d. April, 1937
Marion Claire Bentsen, Purchas. Agt. b. October 26, 1919	Leone Walling, Homemaker b. February 18, 1907
Peter Craig Bentsen, Chem. Engr. b. May 10, 1944	Vivian Peterson, Homemaker b. September 6, 1921
Christine Bentsen b. July 3, 1970	Cathy Jenkins, Homemaker b. March 19, 1946
Hilary Bentsen b. June 25, 1976	
Mathew Bentsen b. April 23, 1978	Virginia (Kay) Queen, Homemaker b. January 24, 1947
Stephen Edward Bentsen, Veterinarian b. November 9, 1946	
Myles Bentsen b. February 5, 1975	
Kate Bentsen b. July 11, 1978	
Mark Lewis Bentsen, Sales Repr b. December 2, 1949	
Tim Eric Bentsen, Accountant b. August 11, 1953	Elesa Weir, Accountant/Homemaker b. September 21, 1953
Amy Elesa Bentsen b. October 8, 1983	
Robert Eugene Bentsen, Grove Care b. October 6, 1923 d. February 26, 1961	Delores Thomasson
Lana Cherill Bentsen, Homemaker b. January 3, 1947	Mary Jacque Dillon, Secretary b. July 26, 1935
Karrie Kristen Lea b. October 2, 1969	Jerry J. Lea, Physicians Asst b. March 2, 1944
Shannon Sherri Lea b. January 7, 1975	
Jerry J. Lea, Jr. b. August 23, 1977	
Joseph J. Lea b. September 19, 1981	
Thomas Wayne Bentsen, Grove Care b. August 23, 1925	Helen Berny, Bank Teller b. August 31, 1927
Gary Wayne Bentsen, Well Logging b. January 31, 1951	Tanya Iaun, Homemaker b. September 21, 1949
Joshua Heath Bentsen b. June 29, 1973	
Liberty Fayme Bentsen b. August 26, 1976	
Zachary Bentley Bentsen b. July 9, 1979 d. February 26, 1980	
Caleb Thayer Bentsen b. October 2, 1981	
Brad Allen Bentsen, Landscaping b. January 7, 1953	
Scott Thomas Bentsen b. April 4, 1957	
Travis Jay Bentsen b. September 19, 1977	

Lloyd Millard Bentsen, Land Development, Ranching, Banking b. November 24, 1894	Edna Ruth Colbath, Homemaker b. September 6, 1898 d. June 23, 1977
Lloyd Millard Bentsen, Jr., US Senator b. February 11, 1921	Beryl Ann Longino, Homemaker, Model b. February 2, 1922
Lloyd Millard Bentsen III, Investments b. September 29, 1944	Gayle Flannery, Homemaker b. December 24, 1948
Courtney Bentsen b. June 20, 1976 d. April 11, 1979	
Lloyd Millard Bentsen IV b. August 6, 1978	
John Ryan Bentsen b. October 30, 1980	
Lan Chase Bentsen, Real Estate b. May 21, 1947	Lynne Crawford, Homemaker b. April 2, 1951
Skyler Bentsen b. August 22, 1979	
Tina Ann Bentsen, Homemaker b. September 19, 1951	Richard William Smith, Jeweler b. May 24, 1952
Lori Smith b. June 28, 1981	
Richard Smith b. July 14, 1983	
Donald Leroy Bentsen, Pres. Tide Oil Co., Banking b. March 18, 1924	Nell McCarter, Homemaker b. March 7, 1926
Rebecca Ann Bentsen, Homemaker b. December 3, 1948	Mel Phillips, Developer b. November 13, 1945
Abigail Bentsen Phillips b. June 5, 1974	
Catherine Colbath Phillips b. October 16, 1984	
Donald Leroy Bentsen, Jr. Self-Emp. b. December 15, 1951	
Kathy Nell Bentsen, Homemaker b. November 5, 1953	Rick Garfield, Manager, Southern Nursery b. February 21, 1952
Nathan Garfield b. February 25, 1977	
Amanda Nell Garfield b. June 9, 1978	
Graham Donald Garfield b. October 27, 1983	
Karen Virginia Bentsen b. July 12, 1962	
Kenneth Edward Bentsen, Architect b. November 21, 1926	Mary Bates, Homemaker b. March 15, 1929
Molly Bates Bentsen, Teacher b. October 17, 1954	
Elizabeth Jean Bentsen, Fashion Design b. May 25, 1956	
Kenneth E. Bentsen, Jr. Congressional Aide/Student b. June 3, 1959	
William Lloyd Bentsen b. September 9, 1965	
Betty Ellen Bentsen, Homemaker b. November 22, 1931	Robert Daniel Winn, Attorney b. November 15, 1927
Ellen Ruth Bentsen Winn, Homemaker b. October 29, 1953	Stephen Craig Johnson, Attorney b. April 29, 1946
Robert Daniel Winn, Jr., Buyer, Bookstore b. February 13, 1955	
Susan Elizabeth Winn, Model, Homemaker b. September 21, 1958	William David Lowry III, Mech Engr b. May 17, 1958

Elmer Caroles Bentsen, Land Development, Ranching, Banking	Marie Jenny Nessen, Homemaker
b. January 10, 1896	b. August 8, 1900
d. July 30, 1976	d. September 28, 1979
Ted Andrew Bentsen, Investments	Janis Cleone Bushey, Import-Export
b. February 21, 1922	b. December 5, 1928
Marsha Lee Bentsen, Interior Decorater	
b. January 19, 1951	
Gregory Mann Jackson, II	
b. April 12, 1975	
Megan Kristine Jackson	
b. March 28, 1978	
Brandon Philip Jackson	
b. April 2, 1980	
Kirby James Bentsen, Import-Export	
b. December 5, 1952	
Shelley Kay Bentsen, Homemaker	Daniel Joseph Wallace
b. September 19, 1954	b. July 20, 1952
Stacey Marie Wallace	
b. January 30, 1984	
Guy Curtis Bentsen, Import-Export	
b. March 26, 1946	
Calvin Richard Bentsen, Banking/Investment	Mary Margaret (Marge) Harris
b. October 8, 1925	b. January 6, 1930
Pamela Ann Bentsen, Teacher	James L. Biddle, M.D.
b. August 24, 1951	b. March 17,
Brooke Elizabeth Biddle	
b. October 15, 1979	
Susan Bentsen Biddle	
b. September 27, 1984	
Margaret Rose (Margo) Bentsen, Homemaker	John H. Falb, Jr., Banker
b. December 11, 1952	b. May 19,
Harris Bentsen Falb	
b. February 19, 1983	
Mary Margaret Falb	
b. May 9, 1984	
Susan Harris Bentsen, Homemaker	Leo F. Corrigan III, Real Estate
b. May 9, 1956	b. March 9,
Leo F. Corrigan IV	
b. November 4, 1983	
Rose Marie Bentsen, Homemaker	Donald Ray Benton, Pastor
b. November 9, 1929	b. January 31, 1931
Donald Carroll Benton, Ranch Mgt	
b. December 28, 1954	
Bonnie Rose Benton	
b. November 16, 1981	
Donna Marie Benton, Secretary	David William Coody, Attorney
b. April 5, 1956	b. November 2,
Michael Benton Coody	
b. September 19, 1984	
David Bentsen Benton, Stock Broker	
b. September 25, 1959	
Dallas William (Peto) Benton	
b. September 9, 1961	
Deborah Faye Benton	
b. March 4, 1965	
Laurel Havana Bentsen, Homemaker	Clark Watkins Norton, Land Agent
b. June 28, 1898	b. April 15, 1896
	d. August 29, 1954
Cleo Lucille Norton, Insurance	Leslie Ernest Chaney, Insurance
b. September 12, 1922	b. December 1, 1917
Laurel Diann Chaney, Secretary	Joe Dalton Hook, IRS/Attorney
b. February 13, 1942	b. December 4, 1941

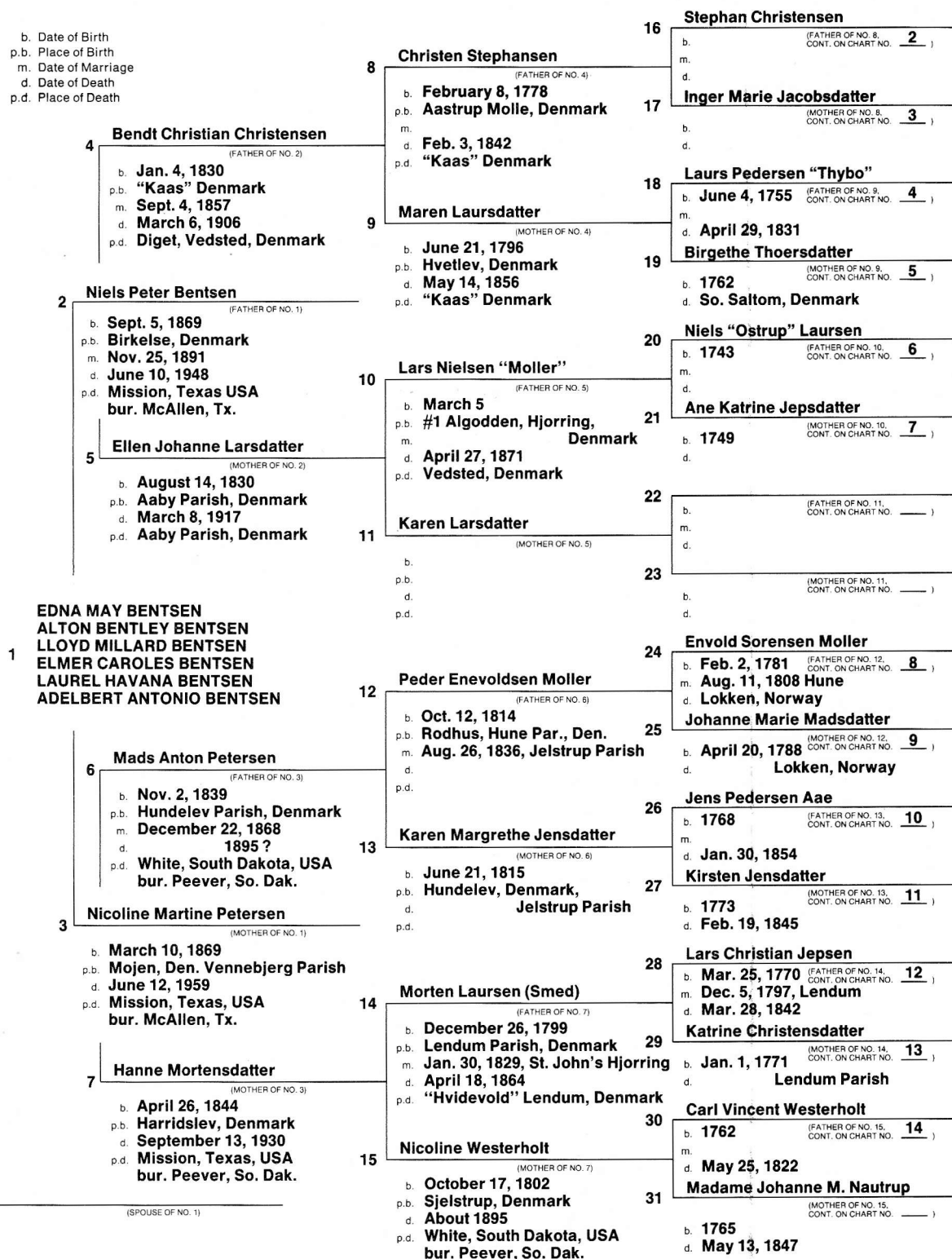
Jason Dane Hook	
b. September 16, 1967	
Heath Lamar Hook	
b. April 9, 1969	
Leslie Clark Chaney, Store Owner/Baptist Semn.	Margaret Ann Moore, Homemaker
b. November 18, 1944	b. October 1, 1948
Deborah Elaine Chaney	
b. June 11, 1970	
Lisa Ann Chaney	
b. January 2, 1973	
Bette Roseann Chaney, Accountant	LeeVan Eldon Tucker, Accountant/Oil Investment
b. August 11, 1949	b. April 27, 1946
Dustee Dawn Tucker	
b. September 23, 1978	
Dale Alan Chaney, Insurance	Shelley Lu Hebert, Dance Instr.
b. July 31, 1952	b. February 7, 1955
Kyla Lu Chaney	
b. June 26, 1976	
Dale Bentsen Norton, VP, Lear Jet	Jacqueline Landsdowne, Homemaker
b. September 3, 1925	b. November 17,
Gale Ann Norton, Attorney	
b. March 11, 1954	
Laura Lee Norton	
b. July 6, 1956	
d. May 14, 1964	
Alan Clark Norton, Bookstore Mgr, UTSA	Bernell Rossow, City Clerk, Boerne, Texas
b. March 11, 1928	b. August 3, 1930
Patricia Lynn Norton, Teacher	Joseph Baumgartner, USAF
b. March 12, 1956	b. October 2, 1954
Brittany Noel Baumgartner	
b. December 22, 1984	
Mark Alan Norton, Landscape Trainee	
b. February 21, 1964	
Adelbert Antonio (Dietz) Bentsen, Jack-of-All Trades	Oma Ruth Hudgins, Homemaker
b. November 7, 1899	b. November 23, 1906
William Neil Bentsen, Credit Mgr	Wilma Frances (Billie) Barker, Legal Asst.
b. October 26, 1925	b. May 7, 1926
William Neil Bentsen, Jr., Delta Air Lines	
b. June 26, 1948	
Robert Barker Bentsen, Executive Search	
b. September 12, 1950	
Judith Ann Bentsen, Homemaker	Robert A. Opolka, Marriott Hotel
b. January 17, 1954	b. August 14, 1948
Kimberly Ann Opolka	
b. January 26, 1982	
Kelly Dyan Opolka	
b. March 26, 1984	

Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. _____ on Chart No. _____.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 1

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

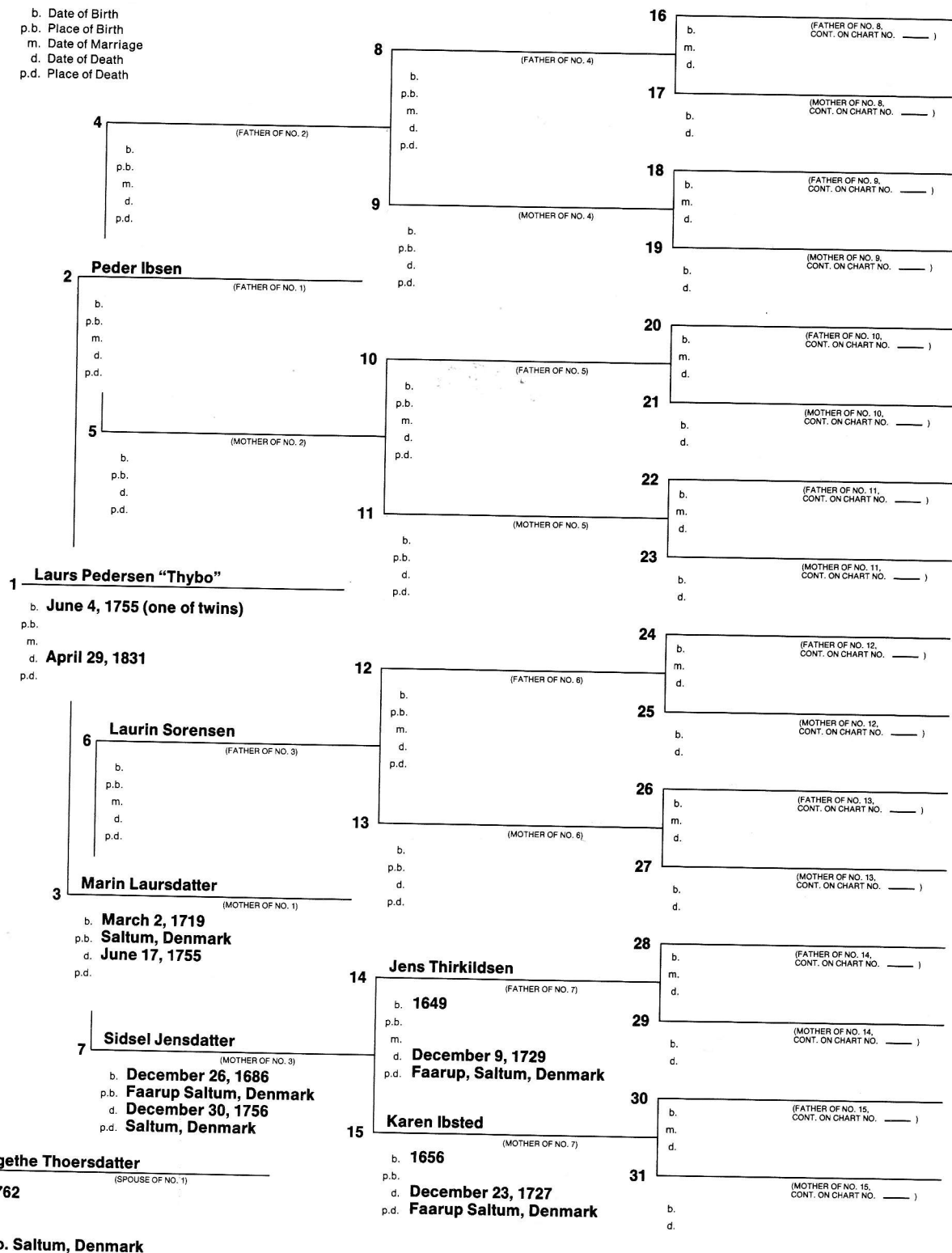


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 18 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 4

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

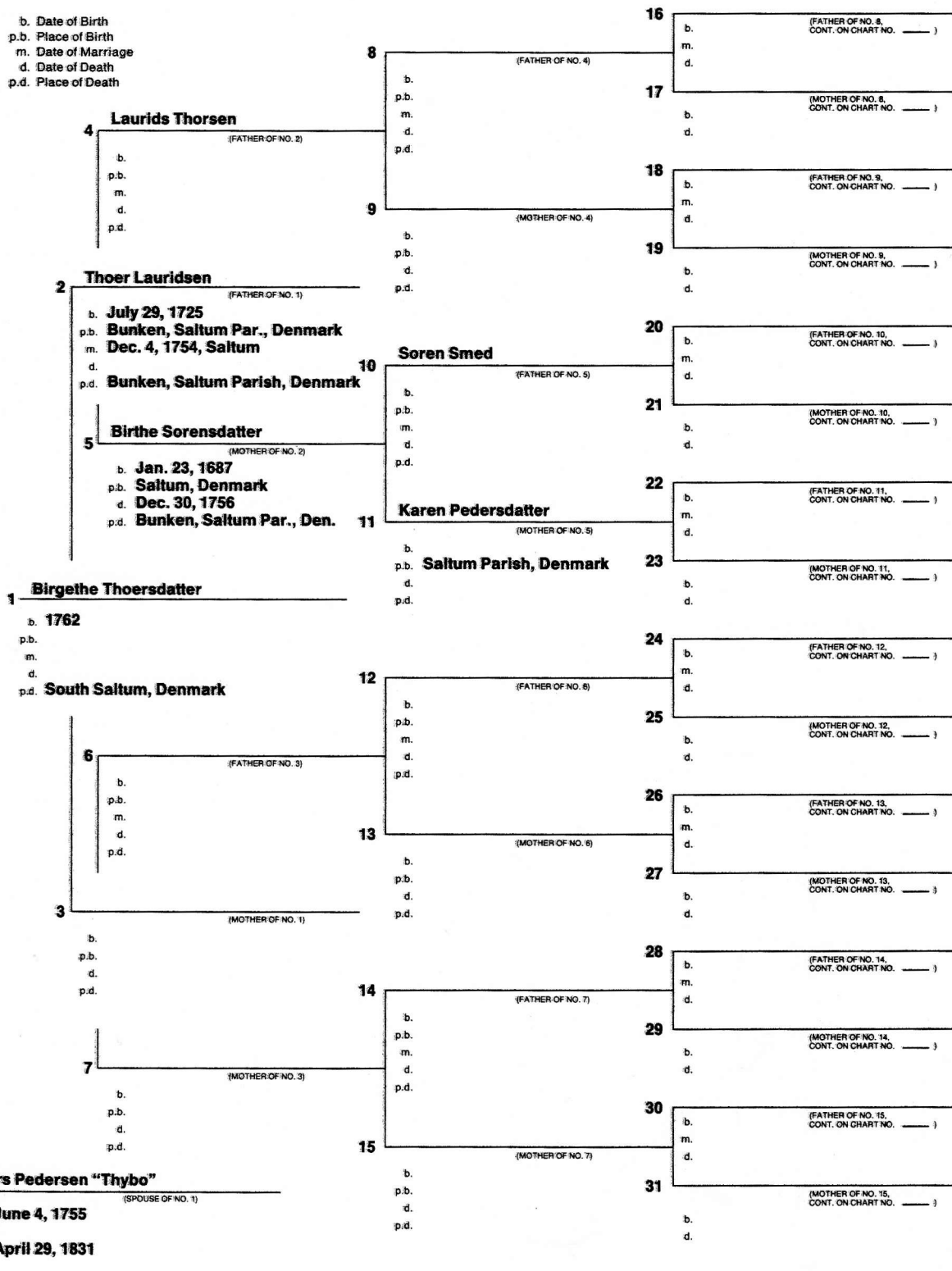


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 19 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 5

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

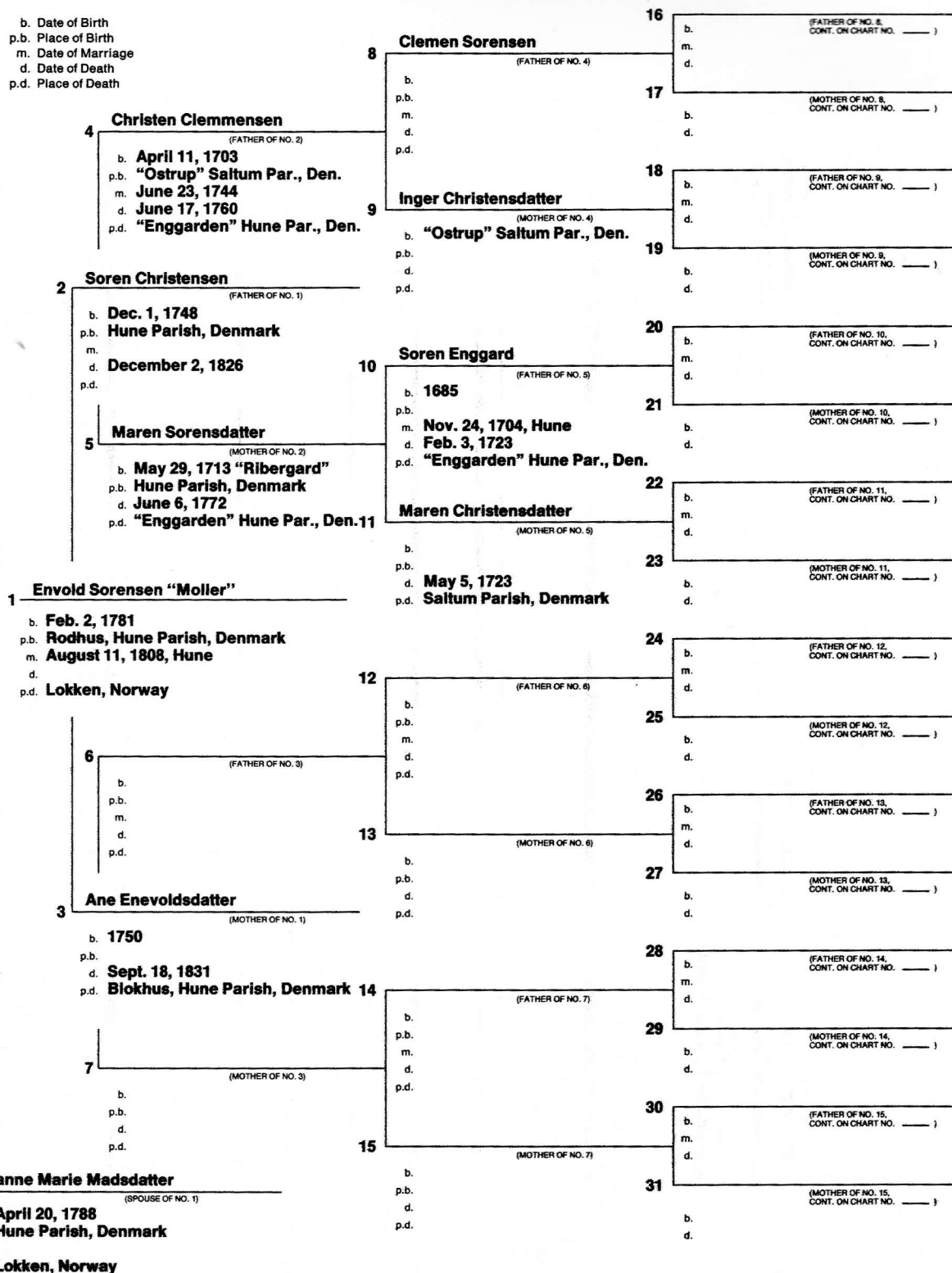


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 24 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 8

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

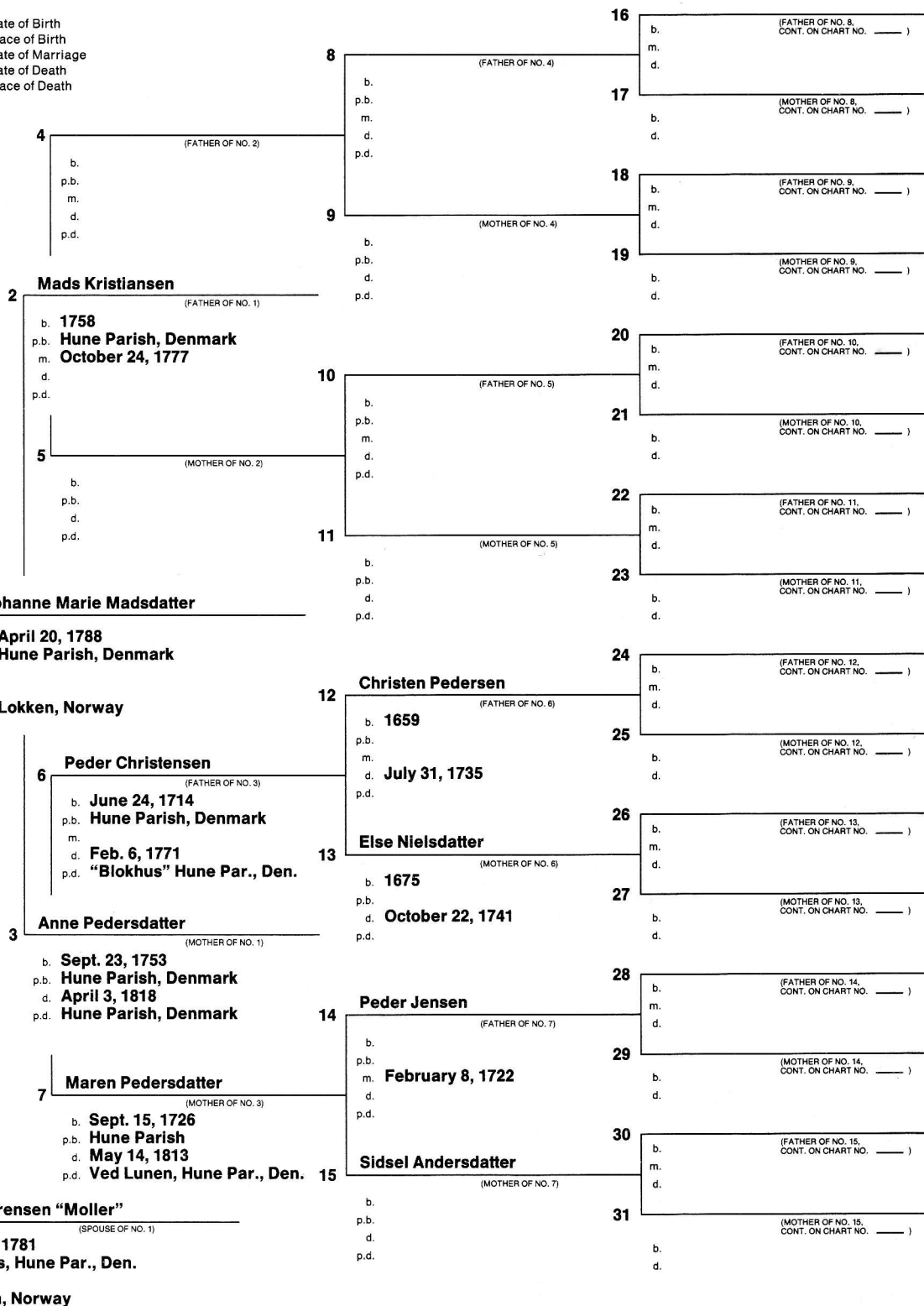


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 25 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 9

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

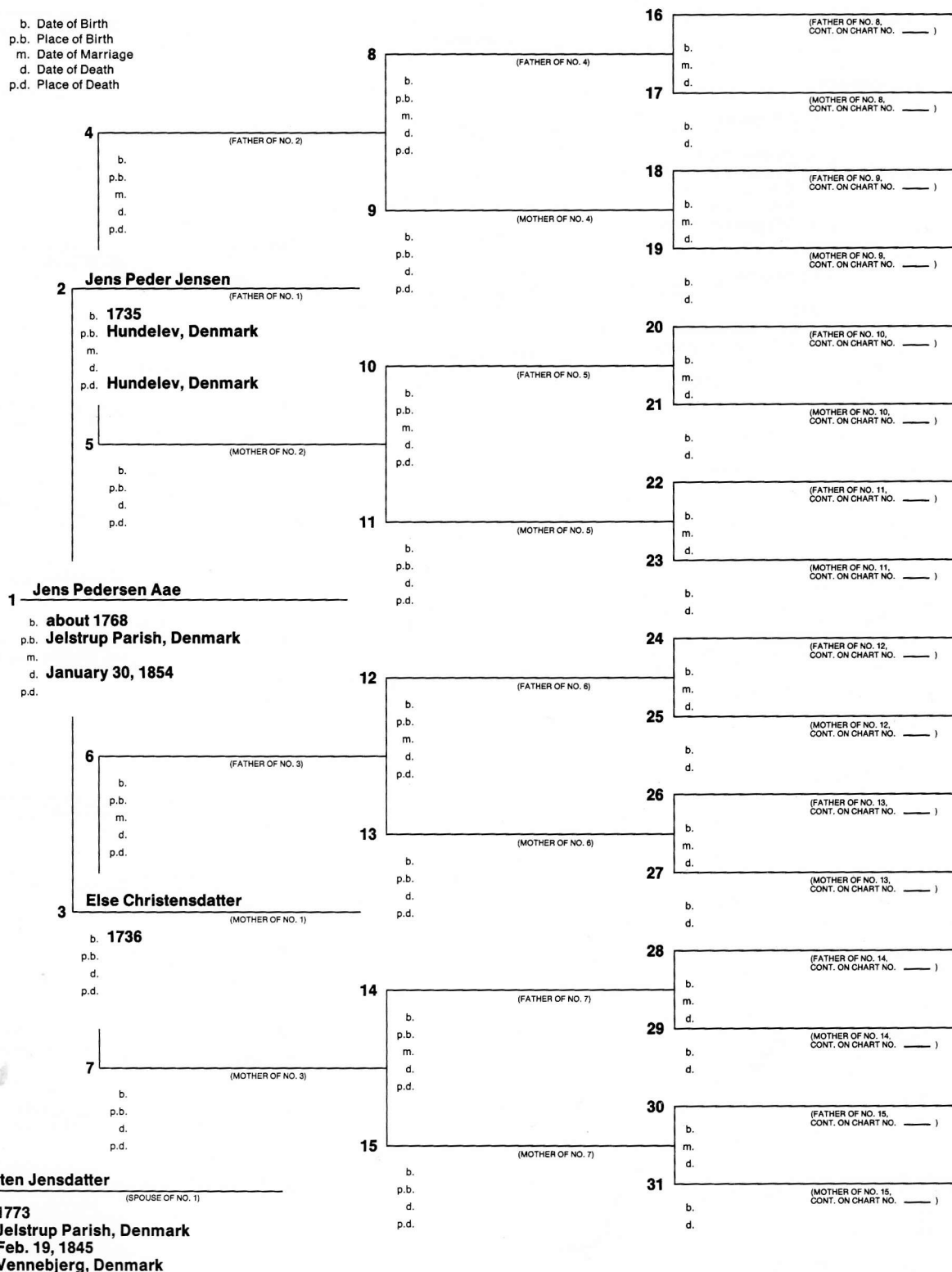


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 26 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 10

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

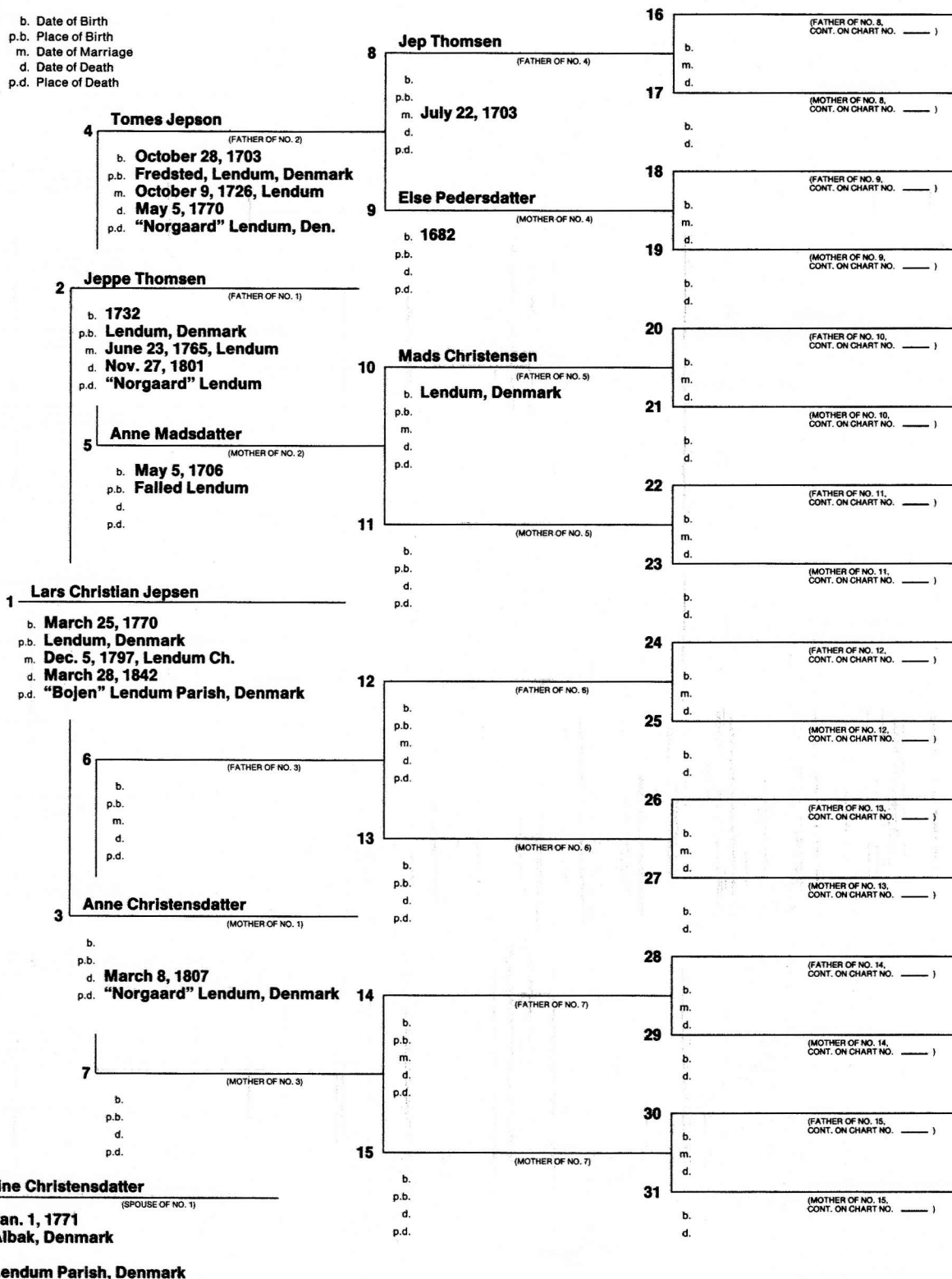


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 28 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 12

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

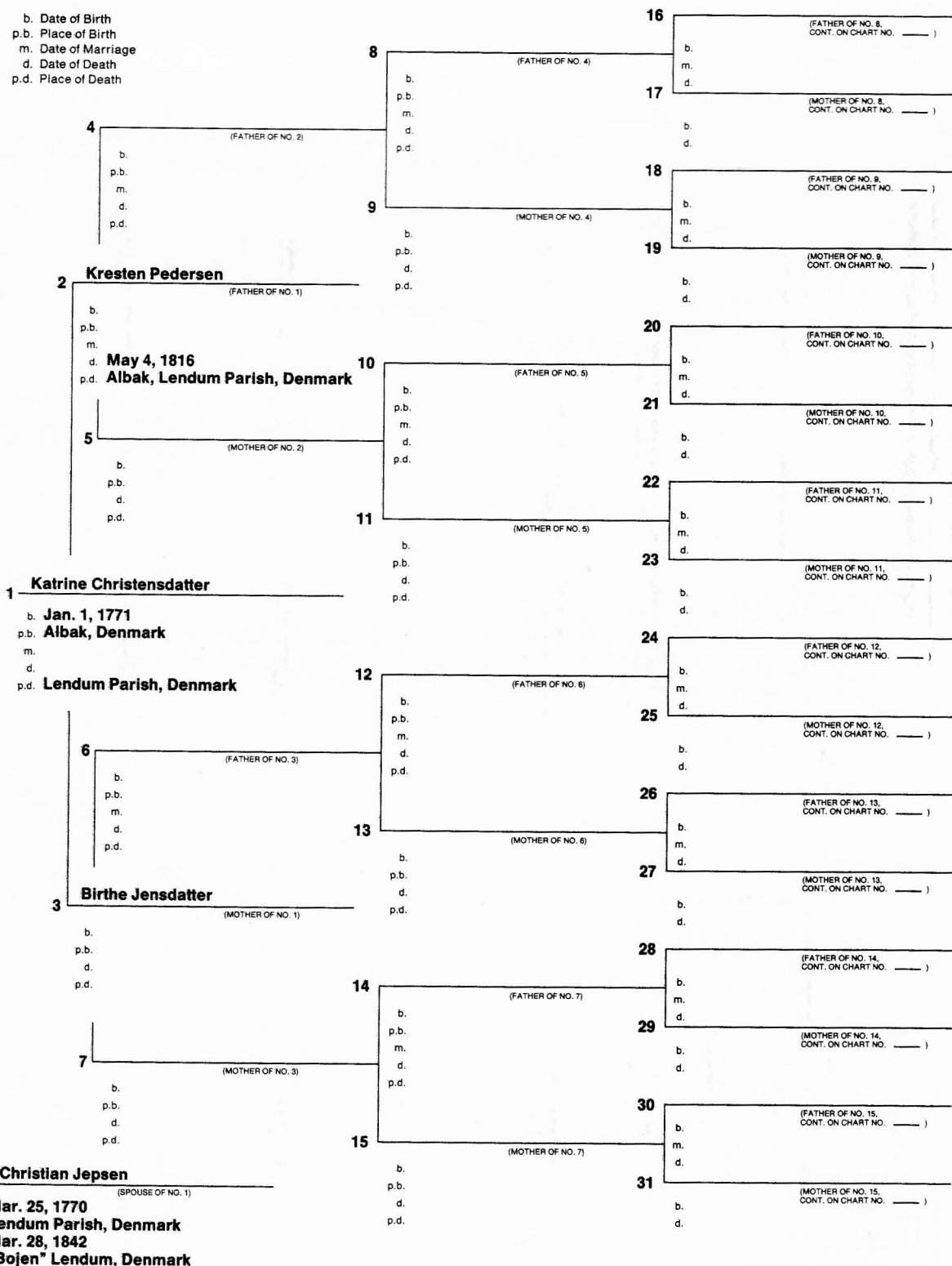


Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 29 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 13

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death



Person No. 1 on this chart
is the same person as
No. 30 on Chart No. 1.

Ancestor Chart

CHART No. 14

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

4 Marcus Westerholt
(FATHER OF NO. 2)
b.
p.b.
m.
d. **1748, Gentofte**
p.d. **Copenhagen, Denmark**

2 Christian Frederick Westerholt
(FATHER OF NO. 1)
b. **1723**
p.b. **Jaegerspris, Denmark**
m.
d. **1807**
p.d. **Jaegerspris, Denmark**

5 Frederikke Amalie
(MOTHER OF NO. 2)
b.
p.b.
d. **1771, Frederiksberg**
p.d. **Copenhagen, Denmark**

1 Carl Vincent Westerholt
b. **1762**
p.b. **Vemmetofte, Denmark**
m.
d. **May 25, 1822**
p.d. **Torslev, Denmark**

6 Toger Henriksen
(FATHER OF NO. 3)
b.
p.b. **Aalborg**
m.
d.
p.d.

3 Madame Johanne Thoegersdatter
(MOTHER OF NO. 1)
b. **February 28, 1725**
p.b. **Aalborg, Denmark**
d. **1791**
p.d. **Copenhagen, Denmark**

7 Ingerborg Juul
(MOTHER OF NO. 3)
b. **1672**
p.b.
d. **April 15, 1735**
p.d. **Aalborg, Denmark**

Madame Johanne Marie Nautrup
(SPOUSE OF NO. 1)

b. **1765**
p.b. **Sundby, Denmark**
d. **May 13, 1847**
p.d. **No. Harritsley, Denmark**

8	(FATHER OF NO. 4)	16	(FATHER OF NO. 8, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
m.	m.	d.	d.
d.	d.	17	(MOTHER OF NO. 8, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
p.d.	p.d.	b.	b.
		d.	d.
9	(MOTHER OF NO. 4)	18	(FATHER OF NO. 9, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
d.	d.	d.	d.
p.d.	p.d.	19	(MOTHER OF NO. 9, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
		b.	b.
		d.	d.
10	(FATHER OF NO. 5)	20	(FATHER OF NO. 10, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
m.	m.	d.	d.
d.	d.	21	(MOTHER OF NO. 10, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
p.d.	p.d.	b.	b.
		d.	d.
11	(MOTHER OF NO. 5)	22	(FATHER OF NO. 11, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
d.	d.	d.	d.
p.d.	p.d.	23	(MOTHER OF NO. 11, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
		b.	b.
		d.	d.
12	(FATHER OF NO. 6)	24	(FATHER OF NO. 12, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
m.	m.	d.	d.
d.	d.	25	(MOTHER OF NO. 12, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
p.d.	p.d.	b.	b.
		d.	d.
13	(MOTHER OF NO. 6)	26	(FATHER OF NO. 13, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
d.	d.	d.	d.
p.d.	p.d.	27	(MOTHER OF NO. 13, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
		b.	b.
		d.	d.
14	(FATHER OF NO. 7)	28	(FATHER OF NO. 14, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
m.	m.	d.	d.
d.	d.	29	(MOTHER OF NO. 14, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
p.d.	p.d.	b.	b.
		d.	d.
15	(MOTHER OF NO. 7)	30	(FATHER OF NO. 15, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
b.	b.	b.	b.
p.b.	p.b.	m.	m.
d.	d.	d.	d.
p.d.	p.d.	31	(MOTHER OF NO. 15, CONT. ON CHART NO. _____)
		b.	b.
		d.	d.

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